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THE SCHWIMMER-LLOYD
COLLECTION

Dec. 18, 1942

Charles Roden Buxton

Special to the World-Telegram.

LONDON, Dec. 18.—The death of Charles Roden Buxton, 67, brother of Lord Noel Buxton and former Labor M.P., at Peaslake, was announced here yesterday. Mr. Buxton, an ardent pacifist, drafted an appeal for peace in 1917 which gained wide circulation here and in the United States. He argued that while the Allies had not crushed Germany at that time, they had attained the ends for which England entered the war.

APR 24 1940

Cow
Lady Courtney died
between 1928 - 1931.
Listed in Walford's
County Families of The
United Kingdom (1920)
not listed in Burke's
Peerage of 1931.
Lord Courtney died
in 1918
(Brit Library of Information

WESTERN UNION GIFT ORDERS SOLVE THE PE

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To those valiant advocates
of the "peace + cooperation"
movement C. R. Buxton
2
Long Courtesy
Feb – 1928

Presented to the
Jane Addams
Peace Collection
by
Charles Roden Buxton
and
Dorothy Frances Buxton
July 1937

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1. European war, 1914-1918—Personal narratives, English.

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*CBSB
Courtney
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Library of Rosika Schwimmer
May 1940.

EXTRACTS

FROM A

DIARY

DURING THE WAR

BY

KATE COURTNEY

TO MY NEPHEWS AND NIECES

PRINTED FOR
PRIVATE CIRCULATION, DECEMBER, 1927

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A WAR DIARY

July 30th, 1914. But all this Irish trouble has fallen into the background with the European situation. At this moment Austria and Serbia are at War, and whether Russia will join in is in the balance, carrying with it whether Germany will do so on behalf of Austria, and that again involving France. And then comes the terrible question whether we shall be driven by our yellow press to go in also. At this moment I don't believe anyone cares more for Serbia than Austria, and we have no interest in taking sides with either.

Sir E. Grey most promptly tried to get the other European Powers to join us in offering mediation, but without complete success. What neither he nor Asquith has said is that we are, and will remain, neutral. Leonard is perturbed by this omission, especially as the "Times" is dwelling on our "alliances" and the Balance of Power as binding us to action under possible circumstances—the circumstances being France joining in the War.

Parmoor, August 1st. "On the brink." We left London on Friday, Leonard having seen a good many

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men on Thursday afternoon at the House, but no action proposed so far. Friday morning came J. A. Hobson with a protest to sign, but he had not many people. Mr. Fischer Williams also with a letter in his pocket for the "Westminster Gazette."

When he reached here a telegram had come from Fred. Bank Rate up to 8 per cent., which Leonard could hardly believe, but sure enough, Saturday's papers confirmed it. Stock Exchange was also closed, and all business suspended. Naturally some failures.

Stephen Hobhouse had turned up to lunch Thursday, very eager to do something. Had been to Peace Council Office. Found Secretary away. One of Norman Angell's young men had come in, and S. was going to them later in afternoon. That set are, at any rate, bestirring themselves.

Later. The "Observer" has come, and Reuter says Germany has declared war on Russia, and it looks as if France must be involved, unless some desperate chance is taken at the last moment.

For ourselves, the sudden and severe crisis in the City seems to have sobered people, and let loose the tongues of those who object to our being drawn in, but hesitate to speak out. It looks as if the Liberal rank and file will at last mobilise and put pressure on the Government. Letters are filling the papers, and protests and letters coming to us by post. The Norman Angell Soc.

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has a circular "Stand clear, England," and N. A. is trying to organise a propaganda in the press from the City. The absolute fulfilment of his prophecies in his book some years ago (which even L. thought at the time were a little exaggerated, though true in the main) have been justified.

August 2nd. Fred is here almost straight from St. Petersburgh. Not pro-Russian, as I expected, but the reverse as regards war. It surely is a sign, when young men like him and Seddon are against a war, that a great many others are also. Alfred is strong, and they are all Conservatives.

August 3rd. A special "Sunday Times" was brought up by Seddon last night as I was getting into bed, with the remark "no news." But there was some, and very bad, only it may be false.

"Reuter says Germany has invaded Luxembourg." Fatal, or nearly so, to our neutrality, if true, when it is hanging in the balance. Couldn't sleep for thinking of it.

August 4th.

The Question of British Neutrality.

To the Editor, "Daily Chronicle."

Sir,

Sir Edward Grey's speech marks a new departure in the international situation; but we would urge that it

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should make us all more strenuous to preserve the British neutrality which is not yet lost. Sir Edward Grey dwelt on two points ; first, the necessity of defending the north-east coast of France, which has been left unprotected by the French fleet ; and next, our obligations of interest and of duty to maintain the neutrality of Belgium. On both these questions the German Government has made advances which the Foreign Secretary puts aside as insufficient, but which may not have been made as the last word. The neutrality of Belgium has up to this moment of writing not been infringed, the French coast has not been attacked. We cannot but hope that the Government and the Foreign Secretary have not exhausted the resources of diplomacy, and that an effort may still be made further to examine and secure modification of the propositions of Germany, so that an agreement may be reached on these two points and British neutrality preserved.

(Signed) BRYCE.
COURTNEY OF PENWITH.
SHUTTLEWORTH.
FARRER.
LOREBURN.

August 4th, 1914.

August 9th. A terrible week—and it has come. On August 3rd, Bank Holiday, news in papers, which were very late at Parmoor, brought us and Alfred up to London too late to hear Grey's statement in Commons.

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A fateful statement—well made and so convincing to most Lib. and Lab. opponents of war that only a few remained to raise any questions whatever. "A united front!" "All parties—all men!"

Lord Crewe declined to make any statement in Lords, simply referring to Grey. L. raised a voice against being committed to a policy without having a statement of it and of the reasons. There was a hubbub at first, and L. stood facing a hostile House, while I noticed Lord Morley sat looking utterly depressed, with his head bent down, I thought in disapproval of his friend. L. persisted, and finally got his one sentence out. It was an ordeal, and made me anxious. Came away very sad.

Tuesday morning Graham Wallas called on behalf of a quickly got up Neutrality Committee to ask L.'s help. L. dictated an appeal to go to Grey and the press. This went with his and Bryce's signatures first, and others followed, many M.P.'s coming in after it was obviously too late. The proposed German violation of Belgian neutrality was the rock on which all the anti-war feeling shipwrecked. That we could not stand, and I shared that feeling, but hoped—no German soldier yet in Belgium.

But Grey had sent an ultimatum to Germany expiring midnight, Tuesday. Huge crowds stayed up to hear result, and about 2.30 Wednesday morning I heard parties passing our house singing patriotic songs, and my

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hopes grew faint. Sure enough we had declared war, and now further action for peace is hopeless for a season.

Stephen Hobhouse appears to have gone out and got somewhat knocked about. The streets are full of crowds—not mafficking badly—on the whole serious. All the peace papers, even "Manchester Guardian," sorrowfully admit war must come, and Belgium is an excuse, if not a good and sufficient reason.

Still names keep coming in to L.'s protest!! Basil Williams had come on that Tuesday to the Lords to act sort of Sec. We had tea—Lord Farrer joined us and Lord Shuttleworth.

Resignation of Morley, John Burns and C. P. Trevelyan. The latter two are unexpectedly fine—both so much to lose. J. B. may again be a leader of working people.

Banks closed. Some anxiety as to money and food until Government measures had reassured people. Anxiety too about Mary Meinertzhagen in the Caucasus. No news for three weeks — probably only delays and stoppages by post.

Friday afternoon—a great revulsion of feeling about Grey's negotiation. White paper comes out, and Aneurin Williams calls to point out a despatch of last Saturday to Goschen at Berlin as enclosed. A terrible revelation—too late—concealed absolutely from Commons in Monday's statement, and yet what a difference the knowledge of it would have made. So we might have had peace—

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safeguarding Belgium and French coast towns and possibly more—all we openly avowed asking for. Grey must have been bent on war, but realised that public opinion here must think it was for Belgium. Meanwhile Belgium has done wonders in defending Liége, and inflicting great loss on Germans who entered Belgium on the 4th. Apparent failure all along the line of German force. But the events of the war will be fully noted.

Leonard greatly moved by discovery of this fatal despatch, and wondering how and when notice should be drawn to it. Did the resigning Ministers know of it? The Cabinet ones at any rate? I almost doubt—but then why did it get published at all? It is difficult to understand Grey's motives for what was a gross deception of his country. L. showed it to Bryce who had not seen it yet. Why did not Sir J. Simon go too? I can't understand. Called on Ilbert and he very indignant—suggested L. dining there to-night—Bryce only—I gladly agreed, as I knew it would be trying for him here with Lawrence and Dick and Rosie Cripps. Lawrence going to Navy as surgeon. Lawrence full of bad science and bad christianity—in defence of war generally. Dear Rosie a frank, fighting barbarian, and all three talking hard in favour of the war, and quite impossible to answer, for they neither listened nor considered. I fear the evening, which was meant kindly, was not a success—poor young people!

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(In evening). We had quite a full drawing room, unusual in mid-August. Eleanor Acland, who had not heard of the dispatch by her husband's chief which so excited us; Miss Robertson, Robin and Bobo Mayor, Aneurin Williams, Henry Hobhouse and, finally, Norman Angell. The link H. had with him was Stephen's work with him. Of course we talked. None of them had read the despatch except Aneurin Williams, of course, and Robin and N. A. looked very grave over it. But oh, talking now is no use and Norman Angell says he thinks of shutting up altogether for a time — going into the country as an agricultural labourer! He seems to think the time may come when public opinion can be roused to check Russia and save Germany to Europe, if events conspire to crush Germany, as seems likely. L. is inclined to say we do not count sufficiently on German doggedness.

August 12th. Heard on top of a bus—when some men were talking behind me: "Belgium will have a bit, Russia will have a bit, and there will be no Germany, only Germans, just as there are Jews you know. No army, no navy, no country" (I suppose France had had a bit before I heard). Then the traffic drowned the talk, and I picked it up again at: "We shall have our share, and they will have to pay 10 per cent. until it is paid"—an indemnity, I suppose.

August 15th. Began last week helping Stephen to start a Committee for relieving destitute and helpless Germans stranded here. Two meetings at Friends' Meet-

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ing House. last very grievous with jeering words from Sir F. Robertson, Director of Foreigners in distress, and from Miss Garland, who suggested, quite gratuitously, it would be illegal. Gave us much trouble; but found Home Office and Mr. Pedder very favourable. But many difficulties. Poor Stephen working hard — something may come of it.

August 20th. Rumours, rumours, no definite news, but we seem nearing a crisis, whether a catastrophe to the Allies or not I don't know. But one is anxious, for though at first it was nothing but defeats of Germans and great loss, etc., they have advanced to near Brussels and are threatening Antwerp even. French seem to be successful in Alsace Lorraine, but does it matter? We shall see.

Meanwhile there has been one relief and pleasure. Mary Meinertzhagen telegraphed from Newcastle on Tuesday, and yesterday she came to tell her adventures. She was in the remote mountains of Georgia, and, coming down with her friends to a village, on asking for horses they were told: "Those horses are for the war."

"What War?" said Mary.

"Oh, don't you know the whole world is at war? Even if you are a Jap., you are at war."

She had on some yellow garment she had bought. "I am English."

"Oh, then you will certainly be at war."

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How to get home was her one thought. The intrepid girl hired two horses and a peasant guide, and in spite of her Georgian friends' remonstrances, rode eight days alone with this stranger to the nearest railway station. Here all was crowds and soldiers and peasants filling the trains, but she managed to reach Petersburgh with little food and only snatches of sleep. She was in among the peasants, crowded, but all were very kind to her. Here she consulted the British Consul, who advised her to stay there, but as she would go, told her the only route was via Finland, Sweden and Norway to Bergen. Here she took a Norwegian steamer and arrived home with one halfpenny in her pocket, and looking well and declaring there had been no danger, only inconveniences.

August 21st. Malwood, Lyndhurst. Came to Salisbury by a slow train yesterday, but it was a rest after so much seeing people and talking in London, for Maggie and Arthur had come to dinner and hardly gone before Stephen came 10 o'c., and stayed night.

This delightful house, in the midst of New Forest glades, Lady Harcourt's—built by Sir William—seems further away from war than London ; and our kind host, Lord Welby, talks more like a spectator than an actor. Still news comes, and to-day it is the entry of Germans into Brussels. This was obviously likely yesterday afternoon. Will the Belgian army get into Antwerp in time to defend it ? And about our troops ? I have a horrible feeling that the German commanders are the ablest.

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Molly Childers writes that Erskine has been called on special service for the Navy. The author of "The Riddle of the Sands" may well be useful.

August 27th. Sir H. and Lady Lucy were our fellow-guests at Malwood. Hardly the time for Toby's little jokes—still we did laugh a bit. Lord Welby is evidently fond of them; and she is a good sort. Went over to tea with Sir Wm. Mather; a fascinating garden. Malwood rather too enclosed in forest, especially in close weather.

Came up Monday. Reservists crowded into train just after Southampton, and overflowed our carriage. Rather excited and noisy—not from drink but from emotion and sleeplessness, I thought. Got out and fetched a big tea basket at Basingstoke at L.'s suggestion, and they did enjoy it. Had never had a good cup of tea with milk and sugar since they left home.

Went to say good-bye to Molly Childers, and, after talking of her husband's departure, she told me the whole romantic story of their gunrunning exploit. It seems Erskine Childers, his wife, Mary Spring Rice, and two friends, met a lighter from Hamburg in the North Sea, took on board 900 rifles and much ammunition (a yacht of 27 tons sailing); and entered, after endless difficulties —calms and storms, etc.—Dublin Harbour, she steering, and the volunteers met them, and took off the guns in 20 minutes. A wonderful story—a wonderful crew for such work. No wonder E.C. is wanted for the war.

The war has not been going well, but we hear little. Only we know that the German Army is pressing on in-

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to France. Namur is said to have fallen, but this is not certain. But the allies are falling back, and there have been over 2,000 casualties among our troops—no list yet. Then a Zeppelin has dropped bombs in Antwerp —another terror in war.

September 2nd. Spent Friday to Tuesday at Eastbourne, Queen's (Hotel). Air and sea refreshed us, but oh the news, and our thoughts are always there. Nothing could be worse than the military situation—every day fresh bad news, and it is hardly concealed now. No news of casualties, which are admitted to be big. Our little army appears to have been heroic against great odds, but we get no details, and do not know if they were adequately supported by their French Allies, and it looks as if they may be cut off from their communications.

Louvain destroyed by Germans, who allege a civilian rising.

All sorts of rumours from various independent quarters that large masses of Russians have landed from Archangel in England on their way to France—also Indian troops at Marseilles—rumours, always rumours. Leonard is very gloomy as to immediate and ultimate future. If Germany wins, militarism enthroned for generations—anyhow a great collapse of material and moral forces for our country.

This morning George Trevelyan—young George, but he looked quite old and worn—called. Personally he has nothing to fear, but anything more tragic than his face and manner I never saw. Everything he cares for

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gone down. He clutches to the violation of Belgium as a justification of the war; and I feel that too, so does L., but he thinks that might have been saved, had we made our position clear and strong from the beginning to Germany and all the world; and that France would never have cherished the getting back her lost provinces by force had we also made it clear we could not back her in that. Jaures was always in favour of trusting to other ways of righting that wrong.

After some talk, I said: "Don't you wish you could sleep through until the war is over?"

G.T. said, passionately, in a tone I shall never forget: "I wish I could die," and he covered his face with his hands and sobbed. But indeed, the younger men must live and keep healthy to help in recovery—moral recovery above all—after the war is over.

I was anxious about Rosie Dobbs, as we believed she had started with all her children Sat. from Switzerland, and Tuesday afternoon we had heard nothing. A letter Thursday, yesterday evening, told of her safe arrival at Folkestone—a two-and-a-half days' journey, through France, a triumphal progress, crowds at every station—the children held up in soldiers' arms to see and be seen, and cheers and singing—those nice French people, but I fear not effective.

September 3rd. Dined with Morleys, Hirsts, Grey, Morley and ourselves. A good deal of talk—some

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pathetic, some bright in a way—but to me confused. Did not get a clear idea what was the point in the long chain of diplomatic action which caused his resignation, but I expect my mind is confused. Alfred Cripps' line that our Govt. ought to have interfered to stop Russia mobilising came out most strongly.

F. Hirst is very out and out; and coming away let himself go against Grey, Asquith and Haldane. Lord Morley had a word to say about latter.

September 6th. Dunbar, Roxburgh. Came here Friday. Sea, sky and land as beautiful as last year, but oh, the difference in it all!

Saturday afternoon. I was walking about on lawn and looking out to sea, saw a large square blotch, smoke and cloud, on horizon, rising upwards. Wondered what it could be. In evening learnt it was a mine explosion blowing up one of our gunboats—some 200 men gone down in four minutes.

September 12th. The gunboat turned out to be the "Pathfinder," but it is doubtful whether she was not struck by a submarine, so it is now said, semi-officially, which is very disconcerting, for if submarines can come over here there is no limit to what may not happen to our ships and ports. Monday came the order for no lights to be lit on East Coast, and our three lighthouses even dark. Later, the loss of the big "Oceanic" seems to have been so caused, but no definite news is given us.

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Fortunately matters are improving in France, where our army, after having a very bad fortnight, and retreating under heavy odds in good order, is at last making way, and the German forces seem to be pressed back steadily. Paris is still free, and the coast towns also, and all seems to be going well, but the sacrifice of men has been great.

September 15th. News better and better from France; and, I must say, the relief is great. I am glad, too, to see indications, in unexpected quarters, of a not unworthy feeling towards our enemies, and a strong set against retaliation on Germans for the military brutality in Belgium. Their bad conduct there seems undoubted; almost admitted, and of course, justified.

Sprained my knee last night, and spending a day, perhaps more in my bedroom. Not much to be pitied with three windows and views of sea and sky. Very beautiful to-day. One window looks out to the jutting-out town and harbour; another just sea and rock, and then an east one over golf links and to lighthouse, still unlighted.

September 26th. Our three weeks here up, and we go home Monday. Dunbar has been probably as good a change as we could have had. Leonard has walked all around the country, one of his favourite walks being some two miles across to the lighthouse, where he has

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made friends with the keeper. Another up and around the Doun Hill, and he has insisted on taking me some nice drives up and down and over farm roads he has found.

Our other distractions have been making acquaintance with the nice Free Kirk Minister, Mr. Bain. He and his wife came to tea, and yesterday, the Parish Minister, Spot, a keen antiquarian full of local lore, whom we had looked up, came. A very eager, energetic man and very warlike. I find the links by the sea delightful to hobble about and now saunter on, especially towards sunset, and the weather has been superb.

But the war news has been a suspense. We are said to be doing well, and the German forces are some way back, but are entrenched. The fighting, though pretty continuous and with much loss on both sides it is reported, has so far failed of much result, and is still undecided. The Russians have succeeded in Austria, but failed in East Prussia. At sea we had, some weeks ago now, a brilliant little success off Heligoland, but a few days ago three of our cruisers were struck and sunk by submarines or a submarine—1,500 men lost. Appalling, and makes one very uneasy. Where will our Naval supremacy be when these submarines have done their work?

On Thursday, everyone was gazing out to sea looking at several torpedo boats manoeuvring about sometimes at great speed. Said to be searching for a German submarine which had been sighted off the coast and nearly gone ashore.

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Yesterday morning among the killed was Col. Grant Duff, and we are very grieved for his sweet and brave little wife, Ursula (Lubbock), hardly 30, and with four children. Her mother, Lady Avebury, wrote me a little while ago, telling me that Eric was going abroad as driver in an artillery company, and asking me to write to him, which of course I did. He is a very charming character, and still at Oxford. Paul Hobhouse also at Oxford has been made 2nd Lieut., Somerset Light Infantry. Another quite cultivated and high-minded boy. It is dreadful to think what they may have to do and be done to—Eric and Paul killing ! ! !

Noel Williams has joined as a private ; and is sleeping with seven others in a bell tent, instead of teaching German at Ealing County School. And General Botha has become Commander-in-Chief in S. Africa, and is to lead his burghers and others for the Empire they so recently were incorporated in, against German invaders of S.A. Who would have thought it 14 years ago ? It must astonish Germans, who might have expected better things from a Boer leader in that war. C.B.'s great triumph.

This morning brought me a short letter from Erskine Childers, full of affectionate gratitude for a letter I wrote his wife, making far too much of it, but it was rather nice to feel one is not wholly useless. The envelope is marked " Passed by Censor on H.M.S. ——, but we know he is on the " Engadine," said to be looking after sea planes off Heligoland or thereabouts.

Interesting letters full of true appreciation of the situation from George Unwin and Fischer Williams.

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To go back to the lost cruisers, the Admiralty order that, in future, when a cruiser is struck, no other must stand by to rescue the drowning crew, but perhaps small attendant boats may, which will furnish less target, is very ominous. It will go against all the instincts of our men to leave their comrades to their fate, but in this case the whole loss of life would have been much less had the other two steamed away. But it is a ghastly order.

Asquith's speech in Dublin has a passage about the end of the war being a European partnership, quite in the Civic Union style. L. says he is a clever fellow at picking up good ideas. But this is very useful and should be used for all it is worth.

Cheyne Walk, October 3rd. Home last Monday, after a little over three weeks. Just enough time for house cleaning, and by doing before and after our holiday with two servants, each of the three got a fortnight away. A good many of our friends back, or haven't gone away, and a busy week with letters and seeing people. Among them a Munich lady, Frau Schumann, wife of a doctor there. English herself, and also a doctor. Come over in the, I fear, vain hope of getting English people to understand the German point of view, and to go back and get her German friends to understand ours—is a Social Democrat.

War news continues to give plenty of fighting and very little result, but everyone says favourable to the Allies. My friends of the Civic Union much troubled as to whether they should obey their leader, Norman Angell's request to amalgamate with the Democratic

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Control Party started by C. P. Trevelyan and J. R. Macdonald.

[Diary interrupted by my sister Georgie's illness and death.]

October 10th. Meanwhile the war news seems to us bad. It is true the allies have pushed north to near Lille, and are again in Belgium, but Germany is bombarding Antwerp; indeed, has probably taken it. No fortress appears to be able to stand against those German guns. There is evidently fear of Zeppelins in London, for all sorts of orders are issued about lights.

Lord Bryce, Norman Angell and Aneurin Williams dined with us on Wednesday. N.A. doubtful about his action in joining D.C.P. and J. R. Macdonald's Society. George Trevelyan has just been in saying Basil Williams telegraphs for help as crowds of Belgian refugees are coming over. I turned to A. J. Gray: "Will you go?" He readily assented, and has started for a few days' work.

October 26th. The war goes on more savage, more bitter than ever. Has the Spirit of Goodness wholly deserted this world? But it asserts itself in devotion and self-sacrifice, in kindness and solidarity among the people of each side, and in many cases between combatants.

Belgian Refugee Meeting, Chelsea Town Hall. Senator La Fontaine—the woman at the poor little dirty shop and his etching of Antwerp!

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Fierce struggle across Belgium to get to Calais—so far frustrated, but this morning's news says Germans have crossed the Yser. Much depends on holding them back. A visit from Alfred about Georgie. He surprises me by maintaining his position wholly against our being in the war, and the policy which led to involving us during those fateful weeks. Substantially he agrees with L., only the latter dwells more on the whole policy up to and immediately after the Moroccan crisis as leading up to everything else.

Saturday called to see Barbara Cripps. She came tripping downstairs into their little hall with: "Aunt Kate, I have not been so happy for a long time. Leonard is wounded, only in the ankle, and coming home almost certainly. I ought not to be glad, but I am." Natural!

November 14th. One of the most crowded meetings we ever had here. The Civic Union (A Norman Angell Soc., of which I am a member) met to decide if they would accept the invitation to amalgamate with the Union of Democratic Control, becoming the London Branch of that body. N.A., the President, and other V.P.'s would leave us if we did not; others would leave if we did. Over two hours' strenuous discussion extraordinarily good — speeches short, able, eloquent, but showing much difference of opinion hotly held. Mr. Seymour Cocks in chair. Finally the vote—a narrow majority for joining the U.D.C. With hesitation I voted that way, as, on the whole, the most useful course during the war crisis, but I fear it will break up the Society.

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November 19th. (Private.) On Saturday L. went down to Flowermead and had a long talk. Lord M.'s late colleagues, H. ——. and the P.M., had suggested seeing him, and there had been a lunch at Qu. A.'s Gate and an exchange of dinners between Flowermead and Downing Street, leaving Lord Morley still of the same mind.

Lord Haldane said to be ill and sad—" Whole aim of his life shattered "—failure—also rather exonerated the Kaiser of special responsibility for war. Hopeful that H. would recognise failure ! !

L. discussed Grey's character. Said " Education unfortunate, private pupil of Creighton's, dessicating influence ; might seem uncharitable to say so." Lord M. assented.

And last night we dined with Bryces in their flat. Lord M. only other guest. He and B. talked eagerly. They take quite different positions. The former entirely hostile to the war and to the immediate steps which led to it, even discarding as worthless the pretext of neutrality of Belgium, and considering Cabinet and country had been kept in the dark those last fateful weeks ; were undecided—were rushed by Grey and War party—and consequently Germany deceived also, probably (this is my assumption) because Grey was unable to declare positively that England would fight if Belgium and France were attacked. Bryce confessed to a change in his attitude. Had been up to Aug. 3 dead against war. Belgium and subsequent conduct of Germany, and what we had got to know since about German aims, etc., had made

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him feel war was inevitable now—but he condemned in unmeasured language the whole Govt. policy of Agadir and alliances, and pretty plainly said M. and others should have broken up the Govt. rather than acquiesce. One rather wonders if he himself would have done so. He said that they were amazed at the whole Agadir and after business when they heard it at Washington. At any rate Leonard did lift up his voice in the Lords over Morocco and got slated by his dear friend Morley in an answering speech, though I believe he agreed with the speech in his heart, but defended his colleagues, Grey and Lloyd George.

The secret history of those weeks before war broke out in the Cabinet will be interesting. A good deal of drifting and some keeping in the dark, ending in a great catastrophe. Could it have been saved?

January 8th, 1915. Penzance, 6, Regents Terrace. No entries for a long time, but what is the use of recording the dreadful daily monotony of this war of trenches. The allies are gaining ground always, but the line on the map remains much as it has been—here a few hundred yards, there a house, and always big casualties. Whether we are wearing the Germans out we do not know. At any rate, they have not broken our line and got to Calais. But they have bombarded East Coast towns in a sudden raid and sunk one (or two perhaps) ironclads, and we have done something the same.

Christmas, an odd one, Leonard and I went to St. James' and heard Mr. Temple: "No room for Him in the Inn, no room for Him in Nazareth, no room for Him in the world now"—and yet—

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Dined with Louisa and a friendly little party. Next day to Parmoor, where we found Alfred more sympathetic in outlook than ever—kindly he always was. Jack and Ruth Egerton, and Stafford and Isabel, Seddon, and Ethel and Mrs. A. Cripps (she chiefly occupied with cards!). Bad weather, but we could hardly this year have had a better Christmas. Staff., who has been in Boulogne with Red Cross work, says all the officers coming from the front say the war will be over March or April, but why or how he does not report. Seddon hears the same story from army men. Opines the men don't and can't stand the strain of the awful trench fighting on either side any longer.

On New Year's Eve we came down here, having spent a night in London on our way.

January 10th, 1915. It is curious being in this little old house where Dr. Willan lived, and where Leonard came as a boy about seventy years ago to learn mathematics from the good old doctor—a Johnian—and so his pupil tried and gained a scholarship and had the, to him, wonderful privilege of going to Cambridge, Dr. Willan taking him and settling him in to what must have been a very wide life to a lad from a Penzance bank in the "fifties." Now the Willans and their children are all gone or left, and the house is let as lodgings. Mrs. Day with her husband and daughter, Phyllis (vegetarian).

The weather has been bad mainly, with some fine intervals, and one lovely day, Saturday, when Leonard and Sarah took 'bus to Breage and walked thence to Marazion, 6½ miles. We see a good deal of Margaret,

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and find her fairly well, but very infirm of movement, and we seem to be just a little out of the war.

The stirring and most touching accounts from many sources of the spontaneous Christmas truce by the common soldiers, English and German, with exchange of souvenirs, of talk, of carol singing, have made one feel happier. Surely it will catch people's imagination and be infectious! Surely those soldiers with their cigars and mutual chaff even were keeping Christmas more really than all the people in London churches praying for peace, and meaning victory and the power to kill more of the enemy than the enemy of their men, for that is what we all mean by "peace."

January , 1915. Wednesday's dinner was interesting if only for one man, Mr. Hoover, the American head of the Relief Fund, which is feeding a million and a half Belgians in Belgium, and supplying for payment the rest of the population left there with flour and salt. Without them it would be sheer starvation, as it is the misery is appalling, and Mr. Hoover, a usually cheery strong person, shews his experience in his face.

One or two things he told me of good. One the ennobling effect on the Belgians who had remained in their country, and the wonderful spirit of patience and co-operation he found. He rather blamed the upper class people who had fled, as their presence would have been some protection to the poorer sort. Those that stayed adopted an attitude of quiet ignoring the German occupiers, which was having its effect. The Landsturm

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men who are now there were also more considerate than the regular army had been.

Sunday afternoon too many interesting men. Dr. Reuter (Finn), Count Goblet d'Alviella (Belgian), Mr. Massingham, H. Y. Thompson, and after a strenuous conversation with them I told Mildred to say we were not seeing any more, but Basil Williams and Aneurin Williams came and got shown up. B.W. going to France next day.

February 2nd. After a bad week with L. he got gradually better, and seems almost well again. At any rate, is walking and working as usual, and only a little extra careful about food.

Our talk on Sunday afternoon, if tiring, was worth while. Dr. Reuter had arrived from Finland the day before, and the Belgian Minister from Belgium the same day. The latter was anxious to know what line the Finns were taking, and little Dr. Reuter stood up energetically to tell him frankly that with them, in spite of friendship for England and great sympathy with Belgium, and no special liking for Germans, Russia was the enemy. When the war broke out there was a desire to help Russia and offer of volunteers, but the response was another attempt to overbear their nationality, and complete the Russification of the province, and this completely squashed all sympathy.

On Saturday I had a long day going to Southend to the prison ships. Two hours' train and hanging about on the pier for a boat, and under two hours on the " Royal

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Edward" and "Ivernia." So I saw very little except the officers, who seemed kindly nice people on the whole. The general look of the ships—fine liners—as pleasant as confinement can be, and the special young German I went to see, Hermann Umfrid, son of Pastor Umfrid of Stuttgart, who had written to L. to ask his good offices for his only son. The young man looked a nice fellow—22. Theological student for the Ministry; volunteered, sent out to front after eight days' training, and captured at Ypres about two months ago. He knows little English and I no German, so we talked through my companion, Mrs. Bridgwater, a wonderful little woman, who is one of our camp visitors (Emergency Committee) and evidently a welcome one to prisoners and officials, for they all smile pleasantly at her, and she seems to know nearly everyone. Well, Umfrid says he is well and looked so, and quite satisfied—has everything he wants. There are 1,400 on one boat and 1,600 on the other. The Adjutant, Capt. McCullough, we have found a most kind, wise man, and he and Mrs. B. were busy together arranging for the marriages of several civil prisoners who had informal, but stable, relations with mothers, or about to become mothers, of their children. They had confided to Mrs. B. their trouble about leaving these young women wholly unprovided for with a baby coming, and wished to legalise the union, which in most cases has been permitted. Capt. McCullough was going on shore with half a dozen of his prisoners this week, to see them married. A curious job!

February 21st. Three weeks of rather anxious ups and downs with Leonard, so that I have sometimes doubted his recovery, and even now, though better, he

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is not secure. Meanwhile, the war gets fiercer between ourselves and Germany. No events of importance in the Western Front, but great defeats of Russia in the East—ever increasing bitterness of hate from Germany to us—and finally, the submarine and mine policy announced as a blockade of our whole coast. Serious notes between Germany and U.S.A. and other neutrals about the danger to their ships, and almost as serious to us from U.S.A. about use of their flag (ordered secretly by Admiralty). L. is much concerned about this use of neutral flags, and also about our stoppage of food for Germany. On the former question he writes a short letter and we take it to the P.M.,* but with what result we do not yet know. I fear the mutual exasperation will lead to very dreadful reprisals on both sides. Meanwhile, almost innumerable small groups are forming every day with more or less advanced pacifist propaganda either dealing with the war now, or planning for the future re-organisation of Europe, and there are some fine spirits at work—but oh, how few comparatively. The I.L.P. is bestirring itself, and rumours of German Social Democratic awakening get through the censorship. The Dutch Anti-Oorlog (War) Society is working hard and wisely for a conference. Parliament has practically abdicated — only the Lords (through Alfred) raise a protest against the Govt. Trial by Court Martial Bill, and with some success.

*March 28th. P.M. simply referred L. to the Government announcement, and L. sent his letter to the "Times." A few days afterwards he sent a longer letter on "Food as contraband" but "Times," after keeping it some days, declined to publish. It was put in "Manchester Guardian."

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March 28th. More than a month, but I have shrunk from going on registering my feelings about the war. No abatement apparently, but I think there is an underlying current of better feeling here, and possibly, though we have only little evidence, in Germany. To the outward observer a united people ready to make any sacrifice, suffer any privation of food, short of famine, which does not seem likely, to fight " wicked enemies " of their country.

Meanwhile, our attack on the Dardanelles has excited great enthusiasm and hopes. Easy success at first (vide " Queen Elizabeth " in Punch—a fine drawing) ; then loss of some battleships—great gales and a pause—but still confident of success.

The fall of Premyzl, and capture of 100,000 again raised Russian star.

Women's Int. Congress to discuss peace planned at Hague. An experiment, probably only tentative, but good.

March , 1915. Leonard had another violent attack on Sat., March 13th, after two interesting but depressing talks with Lord Loreburn (Friday) and Lord Morley (Sat.), both fiercely disapproving, but pessimistic of any effort. He was very weak after it, but really allowed himself to be treated as an invalid for a week, and is now much better, and I hope safer.

F. Ainsworth sent me a " Journal de Genève " with a beautiful article by Romain Rolland, and after suggesting to Mr. Massingham to put it in " Nation " and getting no

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response, sent off this letter, putting in as much as I dared, to "Times," and was greatly surprised at their printing it. Very glad, for we particularly wanted the Berlin Committee noticed in our press, and have so far failed. Also, "Times" gets to Germany, and they will see it.

There seems no hope of ending the war, except through utter exhaustion, almost annihilation, or a better spirit, and no satisfactory ending except through the latter. On Monday religious conference at Central Hall on war generally. Dr. Orchard very fine. I went only in morning.

March 30th. A very bad case of German brutality in the sinking of the liner Falaba in a rough sea, with only five minutes given to get the crew and passengers into the boats, many of them consequently swamped, and ship torpedoed while crowds were still on the deck—so the story is. At any rate, over 100 lives lost. It does not make peace, or a just and kindly treatment of innocent enemies easier. Dr. Lyttelton's sermon about Christian charity and subsequent letter 29th, one of the best things said or written, provokes angry criticism.

Met Sir Edwin Pears at Hirst's. Thought Allies ought to be at Constantinople in five weeks, but what after? A great change in East, but . . . .!!

Easter Day, 1915. A good day for beginning a new book. A real Easter for sunshine after several days of rain and fog.

Clevedon—Walton Park Hotel. Fine view of Bristol Channel, and good furzy downs over the sea, along

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which one can walk for five miles to Portishead. And Leonard so much better, well, if not quite his old strength. All to make one's heart rejoice, if only ! . .

And here the war thoughts pursue us, for the Belgian Committee for Refugees has come down. Sir Ernest and Lady Constance Hatch, two Belgians, M. and Mme. Carton de Wirth, bright, nice people, he Sec. to King of Belgium; Mr. Fortescue, and, later, our friend, Count Goblet d'Alviella, inspecting the Belgian colonies or guests in this country. Some terrible stories of cruelty and misery, and each day brings its quota of ships sunk. Not big ones, but too many. One cannot be surprised at the violent feeling against Germany, indiscriminate and unjust as it often is !

April 18th. Affairs of Women's Conference at the Hague become critical. Urgent summons to an evening committee to hear that the Government have cancelled all permits—subsequent interview with Home Sec. A bit relaxed and probably a few will be allowed to go, but how to choose from the 175 who were going is a difficulty.

Yesterday I went to see Lord Haldane on my own. Found him very friendly as usual, but frankly saying at first we could do no good, and might do harm. Later on he said the conventional mind would take that view, and finally he said he would let us go and would talk to McKenna that evening about it. I am more afraid of the F.O.

Later. Finally Mr. McKenna agreed to 25 going, 5 officials and 20 whom he chose of the 180 booked.

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Then came the closing of the North Sea—why we do not yet know—and none could go. Continual changes, so that we did not know from hour to hour whether any would get off. Two fortunately had gone.

May 9th. The Bull, Cambridge, a mixed few days. All lovely here, weather superb. Leonard well and dining at his college 'feast' and 'ordinary' days. The Wilderness specially beautiful with greenery and blue-bells—but—unspeakable horrors go on. Poisonous gas and its horrible effects first; then the sinking of the Lusitania! L. brought the news Friday after dinner. Now we know nearly 1,500 people have been drowned. About the most deliberate and wholesale killing of non-combatants yet perpetrated. What will the States do! For there were numbers of Americans on board, including Vanderbilt. A wave of fury will pass over them, but will it mean war, and if so how is Belgium to be kept from starvation? The Lusitania incident may indeed mark an epoch in the war. For the moment it will knock all possible peace suggestions to bits. Are they mad, the Germans?

Last week we heard Harry Cripps was wounded in the Dardanelles—how seriously we don't know.

May 18th. Came back from Cambridge to a busy week with the meetings and parties in connection with the Hague Women's Congress, centering round Jane Addams, the well-known and well-loved American philanthropist, who had presided. A fine attractive personality. Outwardly a stoutish elderly lady with pleasant homely voice and manner, but full of goodness and shrewdness

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and reality. She and Dr. Jacob, the Dutch organiser, and a Signora Genoni, an Italian pacifist, were the delegates for here, and saw the P.M. and Sir E. Grey, and besides Committee Meeting and party, we had a fine public meeting in Kingsway Hall. Every speech good, and no foolish, excitable word. I was surprised after the Lusitania at our success, numbers and quality.

Friday last she was to have dined here with Pages, Lord Chancellor, Hoovers, Alfred and Miss Robertson, who staved the night, but was off back to Holland en route for Berlin ! !

Saturday. President Wilson's note to Germany very good. L., asked by the ' New York World ' to telegraph his opinion, did it, in spite of his rule not to respond to newpapers, as follows:

" I welcome this sincere, courageous remonstrance, and would tender Pres. Wilson my heartiest, respectful sympathy. The future is necessarily dark, but the Pres. carries a light which will, I hope, safely guide him. May his appeal to the better judgment of Germany be successful ! United States must continue to lead and coordinate neutral nations."

On Saturday Stephen Hobhouse was married to Rosa Waugh, at the Friends' Meeting House, Westminster. A great company, rather mixed, but full of affection for him. I hope and believe it will be a happy marriage for him and her. Afterwards we drove down to Flowermead. Lord Morley very glad to see us, but not feeling strong and very pessimistic. Thinks nothing is to be

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done but bear it all. He expressed a desire to meet Lowes Dickinson, who has been at the Hague conferring with Germans and neutrals on his own account, but not yet. L.D. came to talk with L. and we are to see him again.

Meanwhile there have been horrible anti-German riots in London and elsewhere, and the Govt. are interning more men, and our Emergency Committee is again overwhelmed. We had got slacker. That Lusitania brutality has carried people off their balance. S. Webb, who is generally pretty calm, is hardened against Germany, and the 'New Statesman' has a preposterous article on the terms of peace which might have been in the 'Daily Mail.' Violence meets violence, and so it goes on. The protests against the riots and retaliation with poisonous gas, but Asquith's answer is evasive, and how different in tone to General Botha's rebuke to their rioters! It is humiliating, and he is the one successful British General too! And yet we triumph in our Boer friend's good repute, and think of less than fifteen years ago when an hotel in London refused him entry.

May 21st. Coalition Govt. to be formed. Brought about by persistent attacks by Northcliffe Press, especially on Lord Haldane, and precipitated by disagreement between W. Churchill and Lord Fisher, so acute that the latter sent in his resignation. Nothing definite is settled yet, except that Balfour is to go to the Admiralty, and it is believed that Haldane will go, and several leading Conservatives, and a Labour man come in. The 'Daily Mail' is now attacking Kitchener—with what success one does not yet know. Is it all hollow the

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national belief in him? I have never known how much it was justified, but supposed there was some great quality or capacity in spite of apparent stupidity of speech and look. At any rate, one remembers his conduct about the Fashoda difficulty, and at the Peace of Vereeniging, when he shone in generosity and wisdom as compared with Lord Milner. Is there any salvation to be hoped from this Coalition Govt. all our friends ask? L. says it shows that, whether we admit it or not, there is a consciousness of want of success in the war. The one good point he foresees is that it may liberate criticism. I wonder if it will. Presumably it is a Govt. for vigorous prosecution of the war, and only events will force them to turn to any peace but one imposed on Germany.

Italy is on the brink of joining; perhaps has to-day done so. And the Balkans? Drove down to Flowermead again. If pessimistic as before, at any rate interested in the personal side of Govt changes.

May 31st. Olney, Bull Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Payne. A short Whitsuntide holiday, giving our servants a few days for spring-cleaning, and a little change of thought, if possible for us—but it can't be much. Started for Hadspen. Great railway accident, worst we have ever had, followed by two warships sunk in Dardanelles, a nasty reminder of our position there, and one at Sheerness said to be accident !! Great loss of life. And now Italy has come in—an event, but how much will it mean?

Govt. finally formed. A real division of places, but how far of greater efficiency than the old one also re-

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mains to be seen. Attacks on K. of K. have failed, and he remains.

At Hadspen, H. and M. kind and gentle, and going on as usual externally, but Paul has gone to the front. Felix and Rachel there, dear affectionate couple. They are illustrations of what has happened to many. Before the war strong for peace, and disbelieving in clamour about German animosity and designs. Now convinced they were mistaken, and that the German preparedness proved the designs. In fact Bernhardi represents whole nation.

Hadspen never looked so beautiful. Trees, splendid flowering ones and shrubs, a sight; buttercup fields with cattle making perfect Cuyp pictures, and luxuriant summer everywhere.

Came back Wednesday, and down here Thursday in our little motor. Here one has got into a new world to us, and thoughts of the gentle Cowper, and the wholly new kind of landscape, have pushed out the war now and then. Mr. Wright and wife to tea. He a writer about Cowper and others, and custodian of house; a retired schoolmaster, local preacher and strong evangelical. But most of all I like to dwell on the fine church with spire rising above the town, and on the bank of the Ouse where the mill dam is, and with old mill and big browny pink poplars to set it off. The little country town, too, is attractive, with spic and span houses here and there down the wide street, with big gardens behind.

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Walk to Emberton — Clifton Keynes (effigies) to Weston Underwood, and drive to Northampton through Lord Spencer's park (Althorp). Round church at Northampton very interesting and beautiful.

But khaki everywhere—cheerful enough about here and much praise of conduct. All our way down we met them in every village, on every road. Leonard loves this sort of country. A. J. Gray joined us yesterday.

June 2nd. A beautiful drive up — going round by Gayhurst—an old house. We tried to see, but found it apparently deserted as far as getting anyone's attention, though everything in full trim. Only a Flemish Belgian woman and child in lodge, unable to speak French — a curious adventure. Dunstable and downs beyond very fine—Little Gaddesden.

June 2nd. Monday night Zeppelins came to London. Little news allowed in Tuesday's papers, but we believe little damage was done, considering 90 bombs are said to have fallen, and only four lives lost—infuriating folly ! !

This afternoon, as we were resting, Lord Loreburn and Mr. Hirst came ; the former to talk to Leonard about the wisdom or use of speaking in Lords on situation—some words towards peace—a plea for taking stock of the situation and making clear what the nation was aiming at. Was the Coalition Govt. an opportunity ? L. would like him to do it, but hesitated to encourage. " No harm, but doubted any good at the moment." I fear this won't be enough encouragement. Lord L. might do it very well, but would do it better if he had less contempt

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and disapproval of the men at the head of affairs. I feel in the present serious state of affairs one wants much understanding of the other point of view here and in Germany if any good is to be done.

June 20th. Too long since my last entry to remember all that has interested us.

A rush at the Emergency Office owing to new Govt. policy about aliens—deporting and interning going on with as much consideration as is consistent with hurry. Stephen and his friends working hard. Mrs. Clark and I interviewed Sir J. Simon, the new Home Sec., and find him very sympathetic and cordial—but—his answers and speech in the House a few days later in reply to the wild suggestions of the "patriots" are not so satisfactory. He is popular and could do much.

11th. My Belgian tea at Crosby Hall. Really Mrs. Arthur Blunt's work. My three servants undertake it, but come back rather strongly criticising our guests. Poor people!

L. goes to Peace Council, where a War party is bent on a non-pacifist circular. Gets it modified, but they are in a majority. Carl Heath writes: "Lord C.'s visit on Wednesday was almost electric. The War Party had quite a severe shock, and was reduced to an unusual mildness."

June 20th. Rosie stays a night, and the Louis M's, Dick Holt and Robin Mayor make a nice little family party.

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18th. Heard Jane Addams had arrived, and would like some of the Hague Committee to meet her at St. Ermins. Went and found the indomitable, elderly lady had seen the governing men of Germany, Austria, Italy and France and been well received—worst in France. Would have much to tell at the various little gatherings this week. But I felt she should tell her story to governing people here. L. had gone to F.O. to enquire about Sir E. Grey. She comes here this afternoon.

Yesterday to Northland to see Grace and Anne Holt at Miss Weiss's school. An interesting woman, Miss W.

June 23rd. Yesterday Jane Addams came here to give the Exec. Com.—some 20 or more—of the International Women's Hague Congress the story of her pilgrimage. Most interesting. To-day a more general and less confidential account to the Gen. Com. Crowded room and great crush for tea, but very enthusiastic. I took some notes of the fuller story and here they are :—

" She had seen Asquith and Grey a month ago—crossed over to Holland to help draw up the report. Thence to Berlin. First saw Von Jagow (For. Minister) —pressed negotiation ; always kept clear of suggesting terms, but to start. V.J. said was the right of women to do this sort of thing—surprised had not done it sooner. U.S. in their legal rights about American citizens supplying to Allies—but feeling bad about it towards States.

Bethmann Hollweg spoke more freely and took things more seriously—had lost a son. Said " No nation at war could begin. Neutrals were playing too feeble a

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part. Belligerents would not accept offer, but neutrals should begin and make propositions and go on making them." He pressed Miss A. to go to Belgium. Would give her every facility to see what good social legislation they had introduced there. He said English constantly say "Crush Germany." Never hear Germans say "Crush England." Miss A. said it was German militarism. B.H. said that was an integral part of their life. English could understand no other type of govt. but their own—had no accommodation. He struck Miss A. as a good man, desiring some way out — representing civil opinion v. military, which perhaps was too strong for him. Subsequently she had a letter from Baroness von Schroeder, his cousin, who had introduced her, purporting to give on behalf of B.H. a scheme for the "Continuous Mediation Conference or Committee." 2 men from each neutral, 1 each belligerent to sit in some neutral capital and make propositions—go on making them, undeterred by failure.

Miss A. saw Hans Delbruck. He would restore Belgium and in return buy Congo from Belgium, which price would be the indemnity. She found a large party who wished to hold Military to leaving Belgium, but the longer they were there the more difficult it would be. All govt. in their hands practically.

Vienna. Saw Baron v. Sturghk. Struck her as a good man, but was told he was no statesman. He was big and ponderous, and very silent and grim, and Miss A. said she got nervous, and said at last: "I suppose you think it is mere foolishness two women coming to you to talk of peace."

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"Not at all," was the answer. "You are the only sane people who have been in this room for ten months." This he said bringing his fist down on the table till everything rattled.

Von Burian received them, and was favourable to the idea of continuous mediation, but doubted U.S.A. leading. They did not understand Germany. Must send somebody who did. Holland afraid.

At Vienna she met a strong pacifist woman, who had become so fierce that when the Lusitania was sunk she gave her children a holiday.

At Buda Pesth there was a great difference. The other interviews had been privately arranged. Here the Suffrage Soc. had come out for the Congress, and an open meeting for men and women was held, also a dinner (Ritz). Sixty covers laid, and more came in to hear the speeches. Well reported; more freedom of speech than in any belligerent country. Count Tisza very friendly. P.M., warrior, reasonable, Calvinist in religion. Grieved over shock to religion. Hungarians did not dislike Russia. Fought her, but Slavs understood them. Germans and Austrians did not. Austria Hungary would not be unreasonable about terms.

Berne. Saw Pres. Motta—open—Switzerland could not move, but when neutral countries combine would come in. Foreign Minister heard but said nothing. Polite and cold, and they were soon out of his room.

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Then to Italy. A War Ministry who had just "downed" Giolliti. Struck her as boyish and pleased with their new toy. Sonnino spoke lightly. Salandra (P.M.) more serious. "Too early to talk about peace —some time." Miss A. felt it was only a formal carrying out of their mission.

Saw Cardinal Gasparri—Pope's Sec. of State. Spoke with great freedom and sweetness. He would go in to help even with slight chance of success. The Pope she saw unofficially for half an hour. He struck her as younger and less impressive than she expected. Keen, ready, alert—talked like a good man and an able one. "Difficult position." If Pres. Wilson lead the way, would follow. Would appoint a Cath. neutral, a secular (?)

France next; very discouraging. Govt. v. women. Delcassé frankly jingo. "No negotiation, even the best. Destroy Germany so that she would not come up for 100 years." Everything heavily censored. Viviani more reasonable, but still no negotiation, but moved his position after their talk. They were always followed by police in France. Jean Longuet (Humanité) bitter. Mdm. Schlemberger—Mdm. Siegfried (both known to us) very uncompromising—sons in trenches. Mlle. Thompson, another feminist also against Hague Women's Congress. Mdm. Duchesne better, but said not ready yet. War must be over, etc. All these wanted to make Jane Addams say in U.S.A. that France was in a very noble position. Some younger women who were more pacifist they said did not represent Frenchwomen.

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Miss A. finished with Havre, and saw one of the Belgian Ministers — Avignon — "In hands of Allies. Would welcome negotiation which would get Germans out." At Havre the police objected to their resolutions, even though the French Minister had received them, and they found it best to go back to Paris without staying the night.

July 7th. The following day, Wedn. 24th, Miss Addams met the Genl. Com. at an afternoon party here, some 70 or 80 women. There were also a few reporters, so of course she gave less detail and names, but the audience were immensely interested, and I had a good deal of undeserved gratitude for my share, which was only providing the tea. But there was only one poor report, though the "Times" had sent a man!

During this stay she saw privately a good many people. L. went to the F.O. and she saw Lord Crewe in Sir E. Grey's absence, and I arranged with Lady Selborne for her to ask her to lunch, and Lord Robert Cecil to meet her. Also Lloyd George, who was full of his munitions, and went for the complete crushing defeat of Germany. The official element here were not encouraging any more than in France. She lunched with Lord Morley, but either was tired there, or overborne with Lady Lyttelton's vivacious militarism, and dined with Lord Loreburn. The last day of her stay it occurred to me she ought to see the Archbishop of Canterbury, so off I boldly went to Lambeth, but was a bit disconcerted when the Chaplain came down and said the Archbishop was ill and in bed. Still, I was moved to persist, and found he was getting up soon, but "had important in-

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terviews and must go to Lords." However, I told the young man a little about Miss A.'s journey through Europe, and he went off to his Chief, and promptly came down to say the latter would certainly see Miss A. It was most important. So she went in the afternoon, and the Bishop of Winchester was present also. Miss A. told L. in Lords, and Sir K. Digby also; he had been much interested and impressed, and Miss A. said the two bishops had asked her more questions than anybody else, about the Pope especially.

And now I hear she is back in America. May she help to inspire the President, and above all press on him the idea of " Continuous mediation " by neutrals—without armistice and without being asked by the belligerents.

There are indications of voices in Germany making for peace. Protests against the idea of annexing Belgium —" Vorwärts " and other bodies, but the war is more and more terrible and bloody every day, and our success does not seem certain. Though, of course, papers and politicians always talk of it as certain ultimately—but more and more dwell on the effort wanted—the strain —the time. A report of the Dardanelles expedition today shows magnificent courage, but almost unavailing sacrifices of men.

July 7th. Yesterday was my Leonard's 83rd birthday, and he is well, if only! Accidentally we have a man's party, Lord Morley, C. P. Trevelyan, Alfred and Mr. W. Temple, whom I wanted to see, and Mr. Justice Younger, who is doing the Alien Internment work. It was a good talk and all were interested, but L. said not as useful as

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it might have been. Lord Morley was delightful and talked well, but his dogged "Nothing to be done but wait and bear" rather crushes suggestions. Aneurin Williams was to have been here, and his buoyancy would have been useful. We were in his charming Hindhead home for a Sunday on 26th—wettish but nice.

Mr. Temple has since written speaking of a most interesting evening, but confessing to more warlike views than I expected, though I knew he was not with us.

July 15th. Florence Ainsworth turned up from Switzerland. Her eyes bad, poor woman. She, Louise, the Faulders (he home on leave from the Front) and Gray kept L.'s birthday a few days after the event.

Last Sunday at High Elms, driving down Sat. and back Monday. A very "with the rest of the world" party. Mr. Farmer, Horace Hutchinsons (kind nice people), the architect Walker (very elegant), Ursula and her children, and "Johnnie" (Lord A.)—pleasant and quiet. Our hostess naturally full of her boy at the Front, Eric, and the shadow of her Son-in-law's death in the background. We were all kind to each other, but there was to me a sense of separation, least with Alice herself, though she feels and speaks out, but she understands too.

Tuesday evening a Dutch peace man, de Jong van Buk en Donk, not three persons, but one—turned up in the evening, and came again Wed. to lunch with his two travelling companions—travellers in peace one might call them—and talked much to Leonard of what they had heard in Germany. It comes to this, that there is a large

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party—not all pacifists but moderates — who strongly wish to evacuate and restore Belgium, but want to get some compensation in return — colonial is spoken of mostly—but our people would only give such a bribe when they feel defeated and finally defeated. Still it is well that feelers of this sort should be thrown out, and Holland is the natural centre of them. Emily Hobhouse had also turned up and came to lunch. Margaret Butler, who suits every kind of company, being already expected.

July 25th. The 15th, outdoor meeting at Lady Maud Parry's. Miss Maude Royden and Mr. Ponsonby speakers. A Mrs. —— quite astonishingly violent and insolent. I did not mean to speak, but her attacks on the speakers brought me up, and Vernon Lee and others expressed great satisfaction at the way I ignored the virago, who really made as if she was going to hit me at one time. War may make some noble, but it makes others very silly.

L. dined that evening at Flowermead. J. R. Macdonald, Buckle, Grey, Morley, and a youth who turned out to be Lady M.'s eldest grandson. Great discussion and much vivacity, but L. came back a little anxious lest he had wounded his friend's sensitiveness by one of his sallies : " Iron silence," etc.

Miss Balch, one of the U.S.A. delegates to the Hague W.I.L. Congress, comes to see us, and she and Miss Macmillan also give an account of their visits to Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Petrograd, where they saw

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Sazonoff, and got some encouragement. The P.M. of Sweden struck them as the most helpful of neutrals.

21st. U.D.C. Meeting in theatre, corner of Flood St. 'Vernon Lee' gave her striking allegory, "The Ballet of the Nations," for second time. Ch. Trevelyan spoke, and a Miss Cooper Willis gave us an interesting selection from Burke and Fox about peace with revolutionary France—very apt. I was in chair. Very so-so. Audience interested—all polite.

23rd. A tiny meeting here of annual P.R., but we made eloquent speeches to the 18 or less, Aneurin Williams especially, and had quite a happy time together.

Yesterday, 24th, down to Flowermead. Gloomy forecast of future, and events don't look well, it must be confessed. "Russia badly defeated and invaded—deadlock in West front—worse than deadlock at the Dardanelles—absolute danger that the Allies can't get extricated—no signs of desire for peace worth considering." Coming home L. felt he must work off his feelings, and started at 5 o'c. across Wimbledon Common and only returned a quarter to 8, having been through Richmond Park and back by Barnes and Putney, whence a 'bus home.

July 26th. Fraulein Dr. Elizabeth Rotten. Some emotions about that young Swiss lady, formerly lecturer at Newnham, now Sec. of the Berlin Committee relieving Foreigners in Germany and Germans abroad. Has written some good appeals about the former, and done what she could to improve the conditions of our

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prisoners in Germany. Comes over to England for a holiday and to fetch her luggage from Newnham, talk over relief work with our Committee and what not. Was coming to lunch with us to-day—did in fact come—when yesterday afternoon a note came from Stephen saying she had been ordered to leave this evening. Inconceivable, I should have said, a woman who ought to be an honoured guest here.

I went to H.O., saw Sir J. Simon, but could not move him, though he was unhappy about it, I thought. She had been attacked in the 'Morning Post' as a probable German spy. That patriotic fool . . . . . was to ask a question in "House," and her stay might lead to a fuss in the present state of public feeling. Of course, Sir J. S. did not say this, but cross-questioned me why she came, and thought reason insufficient. Also she should have given notice before coming to the authorities here, and finally, what seemed his strongest reason, was she not coming to see the peace party, or even 'the stop the war' party here? The Govt. thought any talk of peace was 'mischievous at this moment.' As to giving notice or giving reasons of visit, I urged that neutrals were going to and from England and Germany without doing this. American ladies had gone from here to Berlin and back frequently.

It is difficult to restrain one's indignation, for if her virtual expulsion gets known in Germany and in neutral countries it will be very humiliating for our country. I came away from H.O. very sad. The little lady was very sweet and reasonable about it, and would make as little as she could of the incident. Said "police" had been

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very nice to her personally, and she hoped no one would make a fuss here.

My luncheon party came off. Lady Selborne, Mrs. Acland, Jetta Barnett, whom I fetched, and Miss C. Marshall and K. Courtney. A good deal of talk and Dr. Rotten got a good hearing, though a short lunch as she arrived late and went early, having much to do before leaving to-night. Lady S. very sensible, but naturally held herself in a bit. E. Acland frank and vigorous as usual.

I subsequently had a letter from Sir J. S. quite friendly and almost apologetic, and so the matter ends, as the young lady herself was most anxious we should make no fuss, and said she would indeed be unhappy if unwittingly her visit had done harm.

August 3rd. Longfords. Just as ever and looking its best. Mary most kind and we get on with much more agreement than I expected. Go over to Standish, now a big hospital, the rooms looking large and airy and as if made for it. Beds and soldiers in our best drawing-room. Should we not have been astonished 50 odd years ago—at Lallie's coming out ball say, had we seen the picture as now. Profound peace and no thought of war then, and yet a few years afterwards the bad seed was sown in the Franco-German war, which produced this Upas tree.

August 14th. Shap Wells Hotel. (Mr. and Mrs. Clark). Been here more than a week—very satisfactory now in spite of bad weather, but we have had fine

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intervals and good walks. Some dry days, even. Geo. Unwin and A. J. Gray with us at first. Both rather seedy, but got quite better. G. U. full of earnest talk—very anti-war but without any bitterness and certainly no pro-Germanism. But he goes far, and even holds that immediate peace, whatever the terms, would be good for the future. Would release the common sense and good feeling in all Europe, Germany included, and so tend towards right international conditions. Of course, he takes for granted the restoration of Belgium.

Leonard has been his usual long walks, and I don't think we could have come to a more soothing place in one's present mood. Great wide moorlands and sky all round, and after a steep ten minutes, long stretches of nearly level road over them. I take the waters, too, in a lovely glen with brown tumbling river through it.

August 22nd. Abernethy Forest. Left Shap Friday. Slept Cal. Rly. Hotel fairly well. Here yesterday after a touch and go scramble for train owing to my mistake of lines, and L.'s box left behind—but all came right.

To go back to Shap. We left it with regret. Beautiful short walk up to Beacon I did, and various rambles. L. longer and two fine days. Great shooting parties last week, and some nine grand motors and an army of chauffeurs, keepers and beaters, the latter no doubt only for a few days, but still, all that service while the Lord of the shooting is signing letters demanding National Service is a bit odd.

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Good Mr. Parsons, of Whitechapel days and Beatrice's admiring friend, there with an attractive bright wife and equally so daughters—Joan at Lady Margaret, and Rosamund, a very pretty girl of 12. I wish one could only dwell on such pleasant things, but it has been a black week. Transport and 1,000 men sunk in Mediterranean. In Dardanelles great losses and no progress, and one wonders what way out. Russia overwhelmed in Poland, Warsaw and other towns taken, and much cannon and prisoners, and a good many ships submarined, including the White Star Arabic with some Americans on board. Whether any drowned one does not know. What will Pres. Wilson do now?

I don't think I have noted that Paul Hobhouse came back from the trenches in Flanders with two big holes in his neck and shoulder, a very near shave, but now healing rapidly, and the "luckiest wound," he calls it, "I could have had."

September 12th. Home. Brilliant and hot weather since we left Abernethy. Inclined to be cold and wet there, but some, yes many, fairly fine days and really glorious scenery and air, and snow on Grampians not melted in places for summer, and fresh fell, but did not lie.

Two sets of guests, J. W. Wilson, M.P., always nice, Tom Royden, keen, clever brother of Miss Maude (Pacifist), Barrans, and later C. P. Trevelyan, Mrs. and little Pauline, who bought Leonard with a penny for an uncle, Miss Weiss, the noted schoolmistress, Williamson a good sportsman, Louis and G. Louis

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is certainly a level-headed, thoughtful young fellow—his pretty young wife a child among the Holt girls, who play about with her very happily. Then Sidney Jones, partner, a quiet sensible man. A couple of quiet days with Eliza and her girls and then a Sunday at Edinburgh, where I have made a new friend, Mrs. Campbell, of Dunstaffnage. She spoke to me on our way north, thinking she saw a likeness to a young officer in the hotel, who seemed looking for some friend. Told me her son was a prisoner in Germany; had been one of the 39 singled out for rigorous imprisonment in retaliation for our differential treatment of submarine officers, and added it made her feel so sorry for prisoners here that she had visited the German ones in the Castle. She told me of a German sailor who was dying, and she hardly knew what to say to him, but remembered Luther's words, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and the poor fellow brightened up and said, "Ja! Ja!" Good woman, and a very smart looking one, with a fine style about her, Leonard says. Her son appears to be a nice fellow. His letters full kindly directions about care for the children on the estate, of which I suppose he is the owner. At any rate, Chairman of the School Board there. He is 26; knows French and German, and says he is learning Russian from his fellow prisoners.

Walked up to Arthur's Seat on the Sunday we were in Edinburgh. Saw Prof. Sampson, the Astronomer Royal, a Quaker, who is in charge of the Emergency work there, but I was shocked to find him so warlike. Admitted his Quaker point of view had been wholly upset by the war.

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Heard on Sat., 29th, I think, that Bill Playne and Fred Cripps were seriously wounded. Latter coming back, so it was not dangerous, but how bad we don't know.

Sept. 19th. Now we have been home nearly a fortnight. Much has happened and much talk and many thoughts.

Our first experience, a slight one personally, of a Zeppelin raid. Mr. Fischer Williams and Dick Holt were dining with us Wednesday, 6th, when a gun startled us soon after 10.30, followed by further reports. I would not let our servants go out, so we missed seeing the Zeppelins—2 or 3—as many of our neighbours did. By 11.30 all was quiet, and our two guests went home. Much damage done but wholly civilian, and over 100 killed and wounded. No panic and no riots to speak of. L. and I went up by Red Lion Street and Grays Inn and saw some wrecked houses and lots of broken windows. People seem more curious than frightened.

The German invasion of Russia goes on, but what its value one cannot say. There is a complete change in tone of press and of Govt. and of public men. A recognition that we are not winning and may be defeated; rage among some and desperate attempts to carry conscription, and set Lloyd George and a few others up as a small War Cabinet. Strong Liberal and Labour opposition, but not enough belief in Asquith or any other man on that side to ensure keeping the ardent conscriptionists from overturning the coach in mid-stream. Sidney and Beatrice phophesy that if they do, and carry

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conscription, there will be revolution among working classes, who see their industrial freedom in jeopardy. It is very doubtful how much the miners and other organised workers feel about the war.

Last Wedn. we had Alfred and Dick, Lord Morley, C. P. Trevelyan and Aneurin Williams dining here, and very eager and outspoken talk, A. and D. from different points attacking our policy, A., of course, from going into the war at all. C. P. T. evidently wondered how he and his U.D.C. came to be considered disloyal with a Cons. lawyer speaking like that. Poor Lord Morley was rather out-talked, and said going away he felt "No longer wanted." Alfred, by the way, made a strong protest against secret trials lately held, about the Lab. Leader and the I.L.P., in the Lords, and the Lord Chancellor gave a shallow and snubbing reply, which brought up L.

Another incident shewing the line of the H. Office was the arrival of Dr. Rutgers from Holland. He called here and told us he had come over with Mr. de Jong for Anti-Oorlog Raad to discuss English people joining a conference about durable peace after the war at Berne in Dec. De Jong had put that as the object of his visit on his passport, and had been sent back by the mail boat. Rutgers, a Dutch M.P., was bearing dispatches to his Minister and got through. After delivering them he went straight to the F.O., saw Lord Robert Cecil and told him what had happened to his friend, adding that now he had delivered his dispatches he ought to tell him his business was the same as de Jong's, and if the Govt. desired him not to stay he would go, but he wished to

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know what they desired. Lord R. knew nothing about the matter. Would enquire. Result, not only Dr. R. was allowed to stay but the prohibition was withdrawn about de Jong.

September 26th. Later we heard that they had been asked not to come again. Can it be true? Last Sunday on returning from church found Noel Williams had called, and been asked by Marianne to stay the night, and he has been with us ever since. Summoned by War Office to take up Intelligence Dept. work and going in for a month's training. It will suit him, as he says, better work for being a schoolmaster afterwards. Altogether my nephews have been rather to the front this week, for we saw Paul Hobhouse in his hosp. (he had a relapse). Now getting on well and certainly looking well and handsome.

Yesterday took Fred Cripps a drive round Wimbledon Common. His shattered knee is going to get quite better they think, but he cannot put the foot to the ground. After a little family talk, he began telling me some of his experiences, breaking off to say: "I hope this doesn't bore you, Aunt Kate. I know it's rather shop!"

He told me how the Bucks. Yeomanry had been ordered (in that famous Yeomanry charge) to take a hill, two divisions having gone up before and been cut to pieces. They took the hill, found it untenable and no supports came and they had to come back, a wonderful feat but much waste of life. Out of 24, 21 (I think) of their officers were killed or wounded and some 40 out

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of 45 non-coms. The men, decimated, were officerless. Fred himself was wounded early in the charge and lay near the burning bushes, where so many of our wounded men were burnt to death, or, he told me, escaped by shooting themselves with pistols handed to them by their officers! He was half-dragged away by a comrade, and was some 24 hours before he was moved right into safety to a transport. Then a long voyage—very uncomfortable; insufficient nurses and doctors—50 wounded died on the voyage, including the man next to him. He, poor fellow, a sergeant in the R.A.M.C. was much distressed as the shouts for doctor and nurses and orderlies came from other wounded men, and kept on saying to Fred: "Oh, Sir, it's me that ought to be helping them, and I can't do my duty." One day there was silence in the berth next Fred and he shouted in turn, but could get no help until his next meal was brought, when he said to the orderly: "I think that man next me is dead." The orderly looked and just said: "Yes, he is dead all right," and "they just came and chucked him overboard," said Fred.

Presently he asked me what Stephen Hobhouse was doing, and, when I told him working hard to help German destitute and distressed here, I thought he grunted a bit sceptically, so I began to tell him some details including the story Dr. Henrietta Thomas told us on Friday of her journey to Germany with 13 children, orphans mostly. Four of them were one family between 4½ and 2 months, whose father was interned and whose mother had died in her confinement from anxiety and worry. She took them back to a small German village where an

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aunt lived who wanted to have them, and the whole village turned out to welcome them.

After a pause, Fred said: "I wonder, Aunt Kate, women have not done more about the war." I said: "What do you think they could do, Fred?" He answered: "Well, protest or try and stop it, or do something of that sort. After all they suffer almost as much as men do." I asked him if he had heard of the congress of Women held at the Hague. No he had been out of England and heard nothing, so I have sent him an article in I.L.P.

Sept. 29th., 1915. The last three days' great success reported officially in our Western front, British and French—over 20,000 prisoners and some 70 or 80 guns —trenches carried along a wide front, some miles in depths, but what have been our casualties?

Last night Mr. Hoover dined with us, bringing with him a Dr. Kellogg, a Prof. of Biology in Leland Stanford Univ., who is working with H. out in Northern France (occupied area). The conditions there worse than in Belgium, as all the able-bodied men are gone. Mr. A. Ponsonby and Noel completed the party. I had asked Lord R. Cecil, and I think he was really sorry not to be able to come. Our talk with these men was most interesting. Mr. Hoover had just come back from Belgium, and been in Berlin three weeks ago. He is in close touch with Army of Occupation. Asked what he thought of three days' victories, he wished the Germans might be got out of Belgium, then he could soon lay down his heavy burden, but their lines were enormously strong, trench

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behind trench, and it would be terrible sacrifice of attacking force. He did not think Germans were expecting or planning to stay in Belgium, judging from their actions. Were trying to conciliate Belgians — no use though.

Dr. Kellogg said the officers were really kind and helped in Northern France—Landsturm men—often very good to the children. I asked what they felt about the original atrocities. Well, they did not believe half. What could not be contested and was bad enough, covered by the necessity of safeguarding the army, had been a good deal of sniping. Now a solitary soldier absolutely safe among the people. He found much admiration of the courage of the French—admired our soldiers also, but the French above all.

Talking of U.S. Mr. H. thought the tension was over. They said in Germany it was a diplomatic victory of B. Hollweg and Wilson. In U.S.A. they thought Wilson had gained his point (the 'Arabic' was admitted a mistake). The military—I was surprised to hear—were always against the submarine business. It made their task more difficult by stimulating British feeling and recruiting and was no real value. Same about Zeppelin raids. H. thought if it had not been for the war on civilians peace might be nearer. Military even war weary. Hatred of England still a force and perhaps the most striking thing he said was about our food blockade. It had not effected any purpose in forcing peace. There was food enough, but it had forced economy and thus equalised Germany's smaller financial resources to ours. German statesmen recognised that and meanwhile the

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mass of the people were reminded at every meal and with every mouthful of war bread that England was trying to starve their women and children. That is how it looked to them, and this blockade was our blunder. Now their obsession was that we should not have it in our power to do this again. Submarines or Zeppelins or something 'must stop it.'

October 3rd. A week of great hopes and much cheerful headlines—not quite borne out yet, it seems to me. Still I imagine the balance remains with the Allies. Bulgaria arming and guns may go off any day or hour there. I have been engrossed in the meetings of the International Women's League, as it is to be called here. Much discussion and differences of opinion, but conducted with great good temper and ability. We hammered out our constitution—rather elaborate to my mind—and elected an Exec. Com. of 25, of which I was surprised to find myself one. Much struck with Dr. Ethel Williams, Newcastle, strong, fine face—elderly—wish she lived in London.

October 10th. Blacker and more tangled than ever. The Balkans may have surprises, as Mr. Venizelos is said to have remarked, but he has fallen and King Constantine seems to have won. Benevolent neutrality to the Entente? but protest against our landing at Salonika, which may yet be an ugly business. Bulgaria armed to the teeth and Allied Ministers leaving. Another German invasion of Serbia in force — any catastrophe may happen there. We had a 'great victory' in Flanders a fortnight ago, but bit by bit it seems fading—and unknown casualties!

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Last Wednesday young Neville Butler came with the Hugh's to dinner, to tell me his experiences in Germany. Interned at Ruhleben 9 months. Got out by a kind German who had been at Oxford; most generously treated in their family, and now released in exchange. Mrs. C. R. Buxton was of the party. Her Notes from the Foreign Press a wonderful bit of energy and very useful.

Sat. a Belgian manufacturer and economist, M. Lambert, came to lunch, J. A. Hobsons and R. Mayor—keen talk. He a Free Trader, and with ideas about the irresponsibility of business organisation, Joint Stock Cos., etc., also strong for selling the Belgian Congo to Germany. Belgium never ought to have had it. Had written an article for a German Revue, but it is stopped by our Censor, and he cannot get it even returned. No free expression of opinion apparently allowed. The Govt. don't "desire any peace talk."

Oct. 17th. Another fortnight—Bulgaria definitely at war. Roumania still neutral. New Greek Government benevolent neutrality, whatever that may mean—or get to mean. Allied troops appear to be landing at Salonika with no further protest and even facilities given. Serbia invaded in force—Belgrade abandoned—but invaders said to be held and losing largely.

A surprise in the Lords on Thursday. Lord Morley had asked for a statement there when Grey made his in the Commons—deprecated by Crewe and Lansdowne—not expected—but I went to fetch L. away and found Crewe making a long-winded statement of what all knew

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already. Sir E. Grey did same more concisely. Then a thrilling hour. First, Lord Morley, grave and very restrained and moderate, questioned the wisdom of dissipating our forces in the Dardanelles and Salonika, followed by two party men, Lords St. Davids and Devonport, demanding either information or success. Then up got Lord Milner, and bluntly attacked the whole policy, urging Govt. to come away from Dardanelles while they could, which is what most are saying, but with doubts if we can get our army away now without losing half. Lord Ribblesdale equally outspoken. Truly, if L. had made Lord M.'s speech it would have been 'disloyal' and 'traitor.' Divided counsels everywhere, Cabinet, press, country—and no confidence in political or military chiefs. Success will cover it up if it could only come.

Zeppelins again active. The worst raid we have yet had in London, Wedn. night. People to dinner, Leonard Cripps, Noel, Louis and Miss Simpson, and O'Gormans. Talked of Zeps. and aeroplanes at dinner. Mr. O'Gorman said he had no charge of London, that was Admiralty business. Noel said their dept. (Int. W.O.) got the news and passed it on to Admiralty, so I asked what about to-night? No answer from my discreet nephew, which I did not notice as others were talking. Between 9.30 and 10 bomb, bomb began, and Noel rushed for his field glasses brought on purpose, as they were expecting a raid. Went to bed not knowing what had happened—many deaths and wounded and a good deal of damage done, and no Zeppelin hit apparently. Since Wednesday fog has prevented their coming and now we have moon for a week or ten days.

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Oct. 25th. Barbara Hammond spent a Sunday with us. Looked handsomer with her fine golden red hair than as a girl and a wonderful spirit. But the war makes a terrible call upon her and her husband—an heroic sacrifice —two delicate intellectuals—facing poverty, separation, and he a most uncongenial life for what they conceive the highest duty. We liked having her and I hope it cheered her a little.

Oct. 25th. The execution of Nurse Edith Cavell at Brussels for harbouring and helping English and Belgian soldiers to escape, has sent a wave of indignation through the country and through neutral countries. An extraordinary piece of stupid brutality. It will make any possible approach to peace more difficult than ever. My only hope is that it is one of those concrete results of militarism which may startle decent and average Germans into realising what war brings.

Nov. 6th. A tiring and exciting week. Emergency affairs not going smoothly. W.O. and H.O. suddenly stiffening against our Camp work. Apparently the Camp Commandant took no notice of the W.O. order and the prisoners' work came out and was sold as usual. I go with Lord Bryce to Genl. Bellfield, but get no hope of permission to go on with our technical instruction, and sell, even in U.S.A., the prisoners' fancy work, or arrange Christmas presents—mere trifles but much prized.

Also Women's International League held two meetings to discuss rather difficult question relating to E.H. Her personality always excites extremes of feeling.

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Then there was another outspoken debate in the Lords. St. Davids' (silly), Lord Willoughby de Broke's straight, frank attack on Asquith. Lord Morley, very good and quiet, about censor ; and others.

Rosie Dobbs here, Noel and Rachel and Rosie Cripps. Events in East dramatic and dangerous. Greece still on the fence and Roumania too. Venizelos gets a majority in Chamber and upsets King's Govt.

Nov. 9th. "Astounding speech by a Peace Crank," fills the whole placard of the "Express," and indeed it was the first bold plea for openings to peace uttered in either House of Parliament. There had been many criticisms—almost attacks—on the Govt. about suppression of news etc. but L. got to the "fundamental issue." We had been down to Flowermead Sat., and he had developed his idea of a speech to Lord Morley, who much deprecated such a line and wrote and sent up by hand on Sunday a long argument against the policy now. But L. felt he must, and the opportunity was good. I was nervous lest he should not put his thoughts quite in the best way, but he did, and even Lady Selborne, who was next to me in the gallery, admitted it would do no harm. F. Hirst had been at Lord Morley's, full of the finance question, gold standard, etc. and took a message to Lord Loreburn of what L. was proposing. Lord L. opened the debate and said a very few words at the end about possible peace openings which would help.

Leonard spoke with a good deal of feeling, in that a contrast to the almost cold pessimism of Lord Milner; and his emotion at the end of his speech over Edith Cavell's

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words before her death struck a deep note. I am sure he impressed the House. At any rate, he brought the "Manchester Guardian" reporter down to ask him to supply some passages he had not caught. But we shall have attacks, and many friends will disappear.

Nov. 14th. Much less expressed disapproval than I expected—half dozen letters—and great numbers of letters of warm thanks and approval, writers mostly unknown to us, and the press on the whole have not been hostile. Now I am glad to see comments beginning in the German press. If L. should only be the means of helping to encourage peace feeling there! !

He was down at Flowermead yesterday. His friend very kind. They discussed Churchill's resignation out that morning, and the other members of the Government. "Grey done for." (I suspect he has ceased to believe in himself, as some of us have long ceased to believe he was an able man). Poor opinion of Asquith—indeed, there seems no one." I am dreadfully disappointed with Simon —really grieved about him." Nothing very direct was said about L.'s speech, and no withdrawal of Lord M.'s opinion against it being made, but L. felt his friend had rather receded, and just as they parted L. was much touched with a few words uttered with emotion. Something to this effect: "What would you say to a young man who had come into a great position and great fortune and had squandered it all in five or six years?" What did he mean?

Nov. 21st. Heard since that J. A. Hobson had been down to Flowermead and found Lord M. well satisfied

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generally with the result of the debate. The notice and articles in the German and Austrian Press more ample and good than I could hope. But the Balkans! Very bad, very uncertain. Greece may do anything and anything may befall our two armies. Kitchener gone out to decide if we shall try to come away from Dardanelles.

December 4th. Serbia has practically been conquered, and what is left of her army retreating into Albania and Greece. Otherwise rather a stationary week. But more 'peace talk' in German Press and rumours of it elsewhere. U.D.C. Meeting broken up in London, or rather hall captured before it met by soldiers and others with forged tickets. I was outside for half an hour in a crowd unable to get in.

Last night a little party (put off from week before when L. was unwell—more bleeding and sickness gave me some anxiety). George Young in his quiet way had some things to say. Kitchener's return from East spread dismay among his colleagues who hoped he would stay away longer. I asked G.Y. whether he could make any suggestion as to peace being near. He thought conversations were going on—feeble ones had been in summer—might suddenly come to something and war end, but more probably it would go on for another six months.

Gray came to tell us he was ordered to France for a fortnight's war experiences, and he breakfasted here this morning on his way to Southampton—looking serious.

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Sent us by Mr. Birrell and we got the book from Dobell's Catalogue:

"Aurora Leigh," Moor Elisabeth Barratt Browning, vertaald M. Van Walcheran, 8vo. bds. 10s. 6d., Amsterdam, 1885.

With the following interesting inscription: 'This translation of Aurora Leigh, "found one happy morn" at Dort, by Leonard and Kate Courtney, during a Whitsun holiday, is, to their singular felicity, presented to Robert Browning, until now as he informs them, unaware of its existence.

June 3, 1888.'"

December 14th. Last night following came through a private source from Germany. It was a copy and translation of the circular summoning a great popular Demonstration on Sunday in Berlin, and read as follows:

"Men and Women——All who want Peace should assemble on Sunday (The Day of the Dead) at 12 o'clock mid-day at Unter den Linden, Berlin. Long live Peace!

According to a speech by Lord Loreburn in the English House of Lords about 15,000,000 men have been killed and wounded up to now during the war. Lord Courtney declared that a way must be found out of the 'blind alley.'

The People want Peace."

This demonstration was dispersed by the police, and many women killed it is said. Only slight accounts have

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got through in the press. What Sunday this was I can't make out.

Dec. 20th. Gray arrived to Sunday lunch, a telegram from Southampton having preceded him. He had been under fire, but only slightly—his fortnight's trial of war. Surprised he did not feel nervous.

Dec. 22nd. L. made another speech yesterday in the Lords on the Finance Bill—an earnest warning against extravagant commitments and a plea for meeting the War Expenditure by taxation and not borrowing. A direct tax on income, graduated to take largely from the rich classes.

Maggie and Beatrice came with me. B. said 'pure socialism.' M. greatly approved. People will say it was a lecture on political economy; the first flat, but his last sentences were fine. Not so much reported as his Peace speech; for one thing, there was an important debate in the Commons on Asquith's demand for another million men!! Dick Holt there made a blunt, straight speech against this extension as ruining our industry and transport and undermining our national strength fatally.

Dec. 26th, 1915. Christmas Day passed. Not a cheerful day in spite of a pretty little episode at Geo. Young's, when the "young Youngs," Jerry and his two small sisters, sang their little costume rhymes very prettily, and of some kind afternoon callers, Basil and Dorothy Williams, Alys Russell and Sidney and Beatrice, and in the evening dinner with Louis, who was showering kindnesses on us, Miss Simpson and Mr. and

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Mrs. Hoover and their two boys. All this enough to make any day bright—but it was overshadowed. Leonard's first waking words were gloomy. "The country is in a desperate position," and correcting himself, said almost desperate. I cling to 'almost' (he meant financially and industrially more even than the military position). And in the evening, Mr. Hoover's tragic expression underlay all the bright chatter. His Belgian experiences and feeling for all, for himself and his own country, are all right. He was emphatic on the immense value of L.'s peace speech in Germany for making towards peace, and feels as we do about the utter folly of all these fierce threats to punish, to crush, etc. Indeed, our Government spokesmen and press seem bent on deluding their own people, and 'encouraging the enemy,' bracing them to make every sacrifice to fight to a finish. It is no consolation that the German rulers may be doing the same thing, and I have a horrid fear that they have more grounds for confidence, for where are the war brains any more than the peace brains in England now? Not at the helm, assuredly, yet.

Two visits from Miss Synge, a lady doctor practising in Canada and having gone from there to Serbia, where she took service under the Serbian Govt. as medical officer in some town. Stayed on to the German occupation—came back through Berlin—stayed there three weeks—saw 4 camps including Ruhleben, and is very anxious to tell the F.O. her story. We know all this only from herself, but substantially I believe the facts. Her deductions and development may be influenced by the very kind treatment she had. She is full of the good

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behaviour of the German officers and troops in the Serbian town, of the courtesy of the officials everywhere, and of the condition of the camps, and believes she has a mission to tell all these good things, and see our camps and give a similar good report in Germany. She describes Berlin as normal, food good and reasonable, and Germany determined and confident. I went to F.O. and I think I have secured her an interview with Lord Robert Cecil.

Against this account, apparently our officers and soldiers in the West Front are in highest spirits about the war. We have heard several accounts the last few days and now Eric Lubbock writes to his mother: "The Germans are on their last legs; the war is over," as a result of his flights over their lines—4 air fights in one day. Who to believe! What to believe?

Dec. 28th. Dined last night at Flowermead alone with them—Miss Morley also—talked freely. Lord M. pitching into L. and me as impracticable dreamers, and L. retaliating. I am afraid Lord M. believes in no end to the war except military defeat of one party 'soldiers must settle it.' I am clear that the Nations ought to have other ways put before them. It may be hopeless but must be attempted.

Jan. 5th, 1916. Penzance, 6, Regent Terrace. Began the New Year very soberly here. Came down on 30th. Our old rooms at Mrs. Day's, a good, cheery woman, with husband ill of phthisis, front 1st floor rooms, modest and comfortable. Found Margaret Courtney more infirm of movement than last year, and

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older, but fairly well and comfortable. Go to tea every day with them and sometimes to lunch. Gales of wind and rain—fine day Monday, and again even finer today week.

Miss Grenfell comes to read in the evening. We are reading E. T. Cook's 'Delane of the Times,' and have just come to the following passage: "There was a leader writer whose identity is thinly concealed under the letter 'C.' He had what Delane thought a 'twist' in favour of the possibility of early mediation during the Franco-German war. Delane was out of town and wrote to his assistant:

"The Cabinet to-day unanimously decided against this fretful policy, and it is no good snapping at them about it. But if you give 'C' a chance he will. He is, however, very good to write upon any question connected with the war, into which neither mediation nor the conditions of peace enter."

There was also reference to his minority representation hobby—so always a crank, if justice and peace is that.

Jan. 8th. Interest has centered on the Parliamentary situation which is rare now. Cabinet decided, New Year's Day, I think, or the eve of it, to accept a Compulsory Military Service Bill of a limited character. Sir John Simon left the Govt. (Home Office). Runciman and McKenna are said to be still uncertain, their position being not so much opposition to conscription as to the levying of an army beyond what they think the country's finances and economic position will stand.

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Simon's resignation will certainly release, and has already released, a good deal of Liberal opinion which has been supporting the war with increasing doubtfulness. Indeed, 35 Liberals voted with Simon, Dick Holt and Whitehouse telling—only 12 Labour and 60 Irish Nat. That means there will be Parliamentary leadership for the agitation in the country, and will give it a chance. There was also a large Labour majority against at the Labour meeting. The North of England appears the centre of opposition. Whether it will grow or be overwhelmed by the doctrine of 'military necessity' borrowed from Germany, is doubtful—not doubtful as far as mere majority goes, but dare the Govt. enforce conscription against a vigorous and large minority? Probably we shall get either a great expansion of the Conscientious Objector, till a sort of voluntary compulsion like the Vaccination Act is left, or they will suspend action of Bill until they have given the Derby scheme another chance, and then pretend it is satisfactory.

The P.M. is very handy. I wonder if even half the House of Commons believe in him as the man, the leader for this war. Probably not half by a great deal. Still, at present he is indispensable to those who believe least in him as a War Minister. The conscriptionists could not have carried it without him. The Liberal party hack has done it. (But he is getting shaky).

Acutt thinks Simon ought to be shot, and Leonard and me interned in Scilly!! It relieved his feelings to say so yesterday.

January 9th. Penzance. A curious sunrise! The sky covered with grey clouds might break into colour,

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but as the minutes went on between 8 o'c. and 8.30 I gave up hope—the dead grey remained. I had ceased to look seaward, and when a blaze like a ship on fire caught the corner of my eye and turning round there it was, a globe of living fire—five minutes' glory and the grey cloud had swallowed it—but I am cheered and hope it may be a good omen.

For indeed the outlook seemed very black—a bitter contest against conscription added to the fierce war, perhaps a beginning of social strife which we fear will follow this war. I felt last night some understanding of people taking their lives in despair. But that burst of sunrise gives fresh hope. And, indeed, for me there is much happiness as long as I have Leonard, and one feels selfish in realizing that.

Feb. 11th, 1916. No entry for over a month, and yet events go on which would be startling enough in normal times.

The evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsular by our troops has been hailed with relief and almost triumph at its success, and yet the nine months there have been a record of enormous loss and failure, if also of enormous heroism. 'Heroes led by asses' someone said.

Then there was the biggest Zeppelin raid yet, with considerable casualties, and penetration far into the midlands, but it is said no military advantage. A great correspondence on the necessity for reprisals. Lord Rosebery strong, Fred Harrison ditto, and J. H. Morgan. Fortunately other voices, Lord Bryce, etc., strong and

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convincing, against. Then Parliament prorogued middle of January, having passed the Compulsory Service Bill. Few opposed it in the Lords. Leonard meant to speak on Second Reading, but too many others got up. However, he got most of what he wanted to say in, on going into Committee about the Conscientious Objector, and came back much pleased with Lord Selborne's response, which ought to be usefully used before the tribunals.

Almost immediately after the Selbornes had anxiety about their son, 'Bobby,' who was reported wounded in Persia—now reported 'Missing'—probably dead. After his poem I feel very grieved that this young man has not lived to help the world with nobler thoughts.

The Labour Conference voted strongly against conscription, but otherwise did not take a noble line—concerned chiefly with their class interests. Not a word towards peace or even encouragement of peace workers in Germany and elsewhere. Meanwhile one hears on all sides of complete loss of confidence in the Govt., especially the P.M. and Lord Kitchener. "Get rid of Asquith" seems likely to be the cry soon.

Among family incidents, the serious illness nigh unto death of Richard, Rosie's third boy, has concerned us. I went down in response to a despairing telegram for a few days. He lived through the crisis, but whether careful nursing will lead eventually to recovery we hardly know yet. George and Rosie very unhappy. She does love her children, and Richard is a bright and attractive one, and so handsome he looked when I saw him, terribly ill as he was then.

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[Recovered, and is now at Cambridge, and going to be a doctor, 1927.]

Three or four interesting little dinners here for talk, and nearly always a good many men and others on Sunday afternoon, to discuss war problems with L.—" Even more eloquent in his silence," Miss Paget writes, and he does listen more than talk.

Feb. 11th. The other day C. P. Trevelyan came to consult over possible amendment on address towards 'peace talk,' which he, Snowden and A. Ponsonby were contemplating.

To-day L. went down to Flowermead. Found Lord Morley also thinking if anything could be done in the Lords—but on quite different lines. He strongly deprecated raising any question of peace as inopportune—altogether a mistake—but thought a good deal of support might be got for criticism of the conduct of the war. L. found his long talk interesting, but felt they were far apart, and it looks as if anything L. does must be alone—a pity!

Meanwhile I was at a crowded little party of women at Miss Roydens' and Allens' to hear Brailsford on the 'Freedom of the Seas.'

March 5th. Nearly another month—nearly a fortnight of which mostly spent by L. in recovering from an attack of sickness. Nearly normal now. The weather has been bitterly cold with snow too. Almond blossom just opening, or about to do so, all browned and spoilt.

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Harry Cripps home for a fortnight, after 6 months of hell in the Dardenelles. Looks grave. Is a Major and in command of his regiment—only one of three who are the same men who landed last spring. Fred Cripps and he dined with us. F. still limping but fairly jolly about himself, sober enough about the war. With them H. and M. Hobhouse, Rosie C. and Hilton Young, also rather serious. We liked meeting, but were all rather quiet and piano. Ditto George Trevelyan at lunch a week later. Looked handsome in his uniform. Has distinguished himself in Red X work in Italy, but I don't gather that matters are going very brilliantly in those Alpine regions. Happily G. T. still loves his Italians. Gooch and Brailsford here with him.

I do not think I have mentioned the Abbey ceremony when the tablet to our dear friend, Canon Barnett, was unveiled. Not an impressive ceremony, except for the company of faithful old friends.

As to Parliament, the Snowden resolution was not moved on the Address, or voted upon, but discussed on the next week, U.D.C. speeches very good, and reinforced by Byles, and perhaps other non U.D.C. men. Asquith's answer bad, hopeless either for peace or war. L., of course, could do nothing in the Lords, and perhaps it is not the time yet.

Meanwhile, the fighting which had slackened for some time, has begun again furiously, especially for the possession of Verdun. After some success the German onslaught appears nearly stopped, but they are making desperate efforts, and we are all holding our breath, and

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hoping the French will maintain the defence. This seems a critical stage in the war. M. Lambert (the Belgian) said last Sunday: "Whoever is defeated at Verdun he can no more conquer," which does not mean he may not still resist. Lambert was talking very eloquently and fervently about Free Trade as a solution. Has the same religious feeling about it as my Grandfather, Heyworth, and men about him had. Quite different from the practical acceptance as almost a business maxim of the next generation of Free Traders.

March 22nd. I was at the U.D.C. Council on 9th. Our most eager debate was on adding Free Trade Resolution to our objects. All free traders, but doubted expediency. I spoke in favour. Morel very eloquent.

Evening party at the C. P. Trevelyans. A miner who had come as a delegate from Cresswell, said he 'liked my little talk,' and then asked me if I was related to the gentleman who had made the great speech in the Lords. Asked for my autograph and told me he had sent to London for 12 copies of Hansard verbatim report (3d. each). That was zeal! So I sent him L.'s photo and autograph, and we soon had another miner also saying he had sent for the speech, and wanting a photo.

The next day I had a really delightful function—giving away the prizes for bulbs to the children of the Christ Church Schools, about 200 happy boys and girls, proud of their beautiful plants.

Last week two nice little dinners.

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Louise and Miss Simpson, Aclands and Logan Smith at one. We talked Westmoreland, and E. Simpson told her good stories, Eleanor Acland also. I had a few words with F. A. in which he incidentally remarked "we were not winning," which made it difficult to think of peace terms. I had said something about Asquith's speech.

On the other day, 17th, Dick Holt's, Sir C. Ilbert and M. Lambert.

Lord Morley wrote he would like to come up and see L. so he came on Monday. He seems half hankering after something, but will not believe any word or act of the slightest use now. W. Stebbing came in just at the moment when L. and M. had about come to the end of their political talk, and it was very amusing how he poured out to Lord M., who looked quite quaint over it, such a flow of talk, only with hesitating periods, when you keep wondering how he will go on. Changed coats, somehow—Lord M. took S.'s.

Then that good labourer in the vineyard, C. R. Buxton, came to talk over with L. whether anything could be done in the way of getting moderate supporters of the war, such as Lord Bryce, to speak or write something dissociating themselves with the Asquith 'crush Germany' phrases. L. saw Bryce, found him sympathetic, but doubtful if this was the moment. Lord Loreburn more coming on, but not fixed at all.

March 29th. Heavy fall of snow last night. Ice on the fountain this morning, and a great gale of wind last night. Louise dined with us—her birthday.

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April 9th. On Friday, 31st March, big Zeppelin raid over many counties, and then in succession visits, or attempts, for two or three nights. One brought down in the Thames Estuary appeared to overbalance all the damage and casualties in the satisfaction caused.

Asquith's speech finding echoes in Germany, where moderates are rallying to the Govt. Threats of economic boycott after the war check any discontent in commercial circles, or rising desire for peace. Threat answers threat, and no other words are allowed to be heard.

April 3rd. Monday. We expected a little party to meet E. Childers, after his 10 months' Mediterranean dangers by sea and air, but they failed, including the Childers themselves. Official news of another Zepp. raid, and she being lame, might have been stuck here and anxious about her boys. But it was an interesting party, Louis and wife, Geo. Young (Miss N. Pickford to fill up) and Sir John Simon! He very agreeable and talkative, but we never came to close quarters. What a position that man might have had in the future Liberal Party, had he gone straight and clear against the war. Even now he may with his ability and good looks and manners, but one will never feel quite sure of him after that Defence of the Realm Act.

I get more and more interested in Louis, and we have been reading a story he is writing — very striking and absolutely pacifist. About the Zepps. he remarked on 3rd 'Maximum of dramatic spectacle and the minimum

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of danger.' But there is enough of that too, and may be more.

On 4th an old Quaker fetched me from the Emergency Committee to go into the Western Tribunal Appeal Court, Mr. Neild a K.C. and M.P. presiding, and it certainly was a disgusting scene from a point of view of justice — a farce — browbeating argument, any that would serve, and no understanding of the young men's position, some of them simple, shy workmen, others with more thought out views, but all seemed in earnest. A Church of England man was told he could not be a consc. objector as there was an article of the 39 sanctioning war. Another was asked where specially 'Christ' opposed war, and told love for enemies was an abstract proposition, and he must be practical. An appeal to the law of Christ brought a remark that the Law of Christ was not the question, but the Act of Parliament, and a reference to W. Long's circular (L.G.Bd.) was scornfully put aside with: "We have nothing to do with circulars, but only with the Statute." Objection to take the military oath was met with: "You have no need to, you are already enrolled and are presumed to have taken it." Socialists came off specially badly—could not apparently have consciences, and to have joined the No Consc. Fellowship or the F.O.R. was clearly a crime. One Socialist said he had two Austrian friends who were members of the Int. Soc. as he was, and when war was imminent they made a compact with him that neither he nor they would fight. The Austrians remained here and were interned, and he could not break the compact. Whereupon the military

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representative got up and said: "This man has made a compact with the enemy and comes within the law." I am bound to say the K.C. demurred to this, but what an insight into the militarist mind! To have kept two of the enemy, and men who had been trained too, as against one untrained townsman was disloyalty. The whole object of the war seems now to be to kill more Germans than we lose, and yet two to one out of action peacefully is a crime. Very typical of the military anti-pacifist attitude.

April 19th. Nearly a week of Women's Int. Meetings. Too many for us, and also L. spoke on Free Trade, a whole hour, and well listened to, as Lord M. said afterwards, and not answered by Lord Crewe in an unfriendly spirit, and here is a description from several provincial papers.

Easter Sunday, Tring. Rose and Crown. Came down here Thursday — leaving what may indeed be called a political crisis. There had been statements in both Houses that the Government were divided about more compulsion; might break up; would be a national disaster; decision postponed to Easter Tuesday. Now we hear they have agreed on a compromise, which is to be stated in both Houses in a secret Session on Tuesday.

April 26th. Home. Our holiday has been brought to an abrupt conclusion. L. was not well at Tring, and it culminated in a violent attack of sickness Monday night, so that on Tuesday I wondered if it were possible for him to attend the Lords' S. Session. But he was

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bent on going, so we did an extravagant thing, and motored up the 33 miles, and though very tired last night, it has done him no harm. A note came from Lord Morley telling him he might be summoned to a consultation by leading peers in Lord Crewe's room to consider how the secret session should be carried out, and we found two letters from Lord C., and L. went at 3.30. About 20 present, representing all main sections, and the Govt. scheme was somewhat modified to suit their criticism. L. made his there instead of in the House, and Lord Salisbury and others were on the same lines, all tending to insist on the Lords' right to keep control of the secrecy matter, and continue or stop it at their pleasure.

Afterwards Lord Crewe made a short statement, and after secret session had begun a very long one, and what happened after L. left at 7 we don't know. My impression from what I have heard is that the secret business is nonsense—no reason for it, and nothing to reveal or conceal. One wonders if it is just to enable the Labour Ministers to hoodwink the Labour Party, and force them to open their mouths, shut their eyes and swallow conscription. It will all come out one day.

But yesterday's news was more perturbing. Zeppelin raids, said to be unimportant; a dash of a German Squadron and attack on Lowestoft, and retreat, apparently without loss, and last, short official statement of rising in Dublin, Post Office seized and St. Stephen's Green occupied, and other houses and parts of the City, and lives lost, and no positive statement, except that the

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situation is well in hand. A few days before an aux. cruiser had tried to land arms in the West of Ireland and 'had sunk,' and Sir Roger Casement and others been 'captured,' how one is not told. Nor does one know if the whole rebellion is abortive and collapsed, or if there are still nasty possibilities.

To go back to Tring. We found the Rose and Crown (Freemans) very comfortable. All rooms north, so it is a hot weather hotel, and it was cold at Easter. Good country for walks, but we thought even better at Ivinghoe (Tring), King's Head, proprietor (Pickering). The Beacon and line of Ivinghoe downs close by would be lovely walking. It is a dear little village and we walked over to tea on Easter Monday to find the one long, low coffee room full, and eager kindly landlady and family getting innumerable teas very efficiently. The little daughter specially bright and active. But we got wrong in our attempt at field walks going, and returned too tired, and the bad night followed.

In the morning we had driven to Cholesbury Camp —a very good specimen—the ditch and bank covered with fine beech trees and undergrowth of holly. Other nice walks skirting the Rothschild park, and L. discovering the Grimm's or Graham's Dyke.

Tring a large busy village town, good church, and I should think much local life; crowded with soldier lads mostly of a very simple, youthful type — just bits of machinery in the great war machine.

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Louise and Mrs. Cunningham Smith were there, and we made a pleasant party of four.

April 30th. A disastrous week, ending last night with the announcement of the surrender to the Turks of Genl. Townshend and his heroic little army at Kut, expected for some time, but humiliating.

The Sinn Fein rising is not yet quelled, but believed to be near the end—still holding parts of Dublin. Carson and Redmond join in condemning it, and I hope it may, at any rate, only be S. Africa over again, Redmond and his Nationalists being as Botha and his Boers. But the rebels must be pretty numerous, and passive sympathisers more so.

Result of Secret Session, a big snub to Asquith—general condemnation of his Military Service Bill in House of Commons when it was brought in, no friends and withdrawn at once. Surely he cannot survive such a ridiculous position. Letter yesterday from Lord Hugh Cecil in 'Times,' reminding his Conservative friends that 40% of the country was Liberal, and Asquith had, at any rate, kept them loyal to the prosecution of the war. Only too true, but my version would be that now, twice in his career, Asquith has enabled an unnecessary war to take place, he with his Liberal Imp. associates paralysing the Liberal party, or leading it wrong.

Yesterday, Saturday, lunched with Morleys. Weather simply perfect; friends fairly well, but conversation naturally grave and anxious. Lord M. convinced we must go through worse things still before peace can

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come, and I am afraid L. does not seriously hope for anything better. We are in a bad way. But may not Germany be internally also in as bad or worse? Must we really both and all go with heroic and desperate courage killing and being killed when both at heart longing for peace. Is there no formula possible?

After our return Sidney and Beatrice called. Though argumentative, I thought he saw my point more than before.

Stephen and Rosa to dinner. He wants to give up Chairmanship of the Emergency Committee in order to devote himself to Hoxton poor neighbours, and be free to take any part he is called on for in the anti-conscription and peace campaign. I argued that perhaps the best peace work now is this relief of enemy aliens, and his correspondence with Germany most important. We are almost the only link between the countries now allowed by our authorities. But I think S.'s chief desire to be freer to throw himself into the anti-conscription movement is to keep the spirit of his friends, and the other young men in it, definitely Christian, and from getting bitter and political.

May 3rd. At the Emergency Committee, Tuesday, yesterday, there was such a warm feeling of love and trust in Stephen, and desire to keep him, though many of them recognised his right to leave us if he felt the higher call. The tension and seriousness of the discussion was relieved by Mr. Hanbury Aggs saying quaintly (when we were going through the men who might be taken from our work, and coming to him someone said,

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at any rate, our Treasurer does not come under the Act): "No, unfortunately I don't, but at the rate the Govt. are going I have hopes."

U.D.C. Council in morning, and evening party later. Stirring short speeches—a fine lot of leaders. It is comforting these days.

May 6th. On Thursday, Bishop Gore of Oxford, raised the question of the treatment of the 'conscientious objectors,' but wholly dissociating himself from any sympathy with them. Bishop of Winchester supported him equally condemnatory of them, but not desiring to make them martyrs. He divided them into three classes: shirkers, for whom no mercy, cranks, and men of high value to the State, but men of very narrow outlook. I can imagine a religious Pharisee calling Christ a man of narrow outlook. Truly the Bishops have scrapped the Gospel!

Govt. answer through Sandhurst was purely the military view — through Lansdowne, justice was being practically done because if local tribunals were unfair there were two appeals which safeguarded everything. L. kept himself in reserve, hoping the Bishops would do better than he could, but finally got up and, as Alfred wrote, 'went really to the truth of the question!' I am beginning to think he is the most eloquent speaker in the Lords — not a great competition certainly. Earl Russell spoke, well too. T. Edmund Harvey was listening and full of enthusiasm for L.'s speech afterwards. J. Burns also. Maggie (much troubled about Stephen) was there, and Maud Royden.

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Friday 5th. A dinner which began with C. R. Buxton and J. R. Macdonald, and expanded with T. E. Harvey, the Hoovers, and Mr. Garstin also turned up from Ireland just before dinner. Very lonely and unhappy in his U.D.C. opinion, and much cheered by meeting others. We had a very good talk, if sad. Mr. Hoover is rather turned against German authorities with whom he has found work getting more disagreeable, and for the first time he doubts peace being kept between U.S.A. and Germany.

Sinn Fein rebellion practically suppressed. Too many executions! Unwise for future, if nothing worse.

June 13th. More than a month! The last fortnight has been full of events, tragic incidents in the war, family ones and illness for ourselves. I began by fainting and knocking my eye badly Monday, 29th, in the night. Felt awfully ill for two days or so. Then Leonard developed an attack of sickness, and he is only now emerging slowly. So I have had nursing to do, and for the first time since we married we have spent Whitsuntide at home instead of at Beachy Head, as we planned.

Then we have been much concerned with Rosa Hobhouse's trial at Kettering for preaching the Quaker doctrines of peace in the villages—"trying to create a peace atmosphere" was the charge most dwelt on She was sentenced to 3 months 2nd Div., or £50, and she and Stephen argued that to allow their relatives to pay the fine was compounding with wrong, so I did not do it. Succeeded in getting her the privileges allowed to

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suffragettes, but she would not take all,either as to food sent in or not wearing part of the prison dress, as she did not wish to be different from the other prisoners. She is well and making herself at home in her clean cell, and very friendly with the officials, Governor and Matron speaking very kindly of her. Among the books in the prison library they have given her to read is Geo. Fox's Journal, out of which she has naturally selected very appropriate passages, such as one declaring that passive resistance to a law which is against one's conscience is right. Stephen was here yesterday. He is divided between pride in, and approval of, his wife, and a wish she were out and with him.

Meanwhile Paul is back for a week, and his mother's account of his frame of mind is curious. Full of the fighting, putting all other thoughts on one side for a more convenient season—full of jokes even—but beneath it all what, I wonder? Some indication may be got from her statement of his future plans. No more Oxford—no law—no civil or public work, but out of England as far away as possible—and business—to do with things; any business that is honest—tobacco suggested. Surely that means a weariness of the spirit, and revulsion against idealism either of war or peace, for there is an idealism of war.

Paul was rather fond of us, but I don't think he will come to see us yet—just not wanting to talk or think. All this may be my imagination.

Meanwhile, my eldest nephew, Lallie's Dick, has been distinguishing himself by a quite first rate speech

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in favour of freedom of speech in the House of Commons, more eloquent and effective than any he has yet made, I think. Dick is a great asset to the party for freedom. With the majority (so far) about the war—successful in business—practical and outspoken and having the qualities of commonsense and little or no sentimentalism he will carry weight with Englishmen, north country especially. We shall see. But the fortnight has had public events!

Wilson's speech to the League to enforce peace more than two weeks ago filled me with hope, but was not well received here; as a rule jeered at.

Then came the news of the North Sea battle, and our terrible losses in ships and men. Subsequent accounts showed it was not a disaster relatively, for the German losses have mounted up.

Then last week came Kitchener's dramatic death at sea on his way to Russia. Sunk with the 'Hampshire' off Orkney. There were some good points about K. of K., apart from whatever his military qualities may have been or his present military value, and I do not think he ever made a war, or caused one, and he certainly helped to save us from one over Fashoda, and brought another to an end with some commensense and generosity in South Africa. He recognised the Boers as men and equal opponents, while Milner would have treated them as a subject race.

Earlier in May Mary Playne paid us a visit—about the kindest and most conciliatory anti-pacifist possible. Likes to hear our side, and what a worker!

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Then Humphreys has come back bubbling over with his P.R. tour round the Colonies and U.S.A. Almost too much for me. I can't bring my mind to bear on all the details of electoral reform now. However, we had a fairly full and lively P.R. Com. and there seems some opening for pushing it in connection with talk of Irish Home Rule developments. Lloyd George, the great mediator there ! ! Can he do it ?

To go back, Baron de Rosen came here to dinner, (having asked to see L.) : Gooch, Alfred and C. R. Buxton. An open-minded clear-eyed old Russian diplomat, but with no driving power or belief in doing, and won't do anything.

Then a visit from a Dutchman, by name Hiegenholz, a pacifist in the Home Office. Over nominally on business—really to see peace people in England—thinks he knows on authority that Germany is ready to evacuate Belgium and France without conditions. L. sent him to Haldane, whom he saw, and who he thinks did not altogether discourage him.

July 16th. The great advance has begun, and all England is watching the news from France almost breathlessly. Said to be a great success, and certainly we are gaining ground. But to me the ultimate success or failure from a military point of view is : first, the relative cost in life and munitions, especially life. Whose pile of dead will be biggest ? or maimed and incapacitated most ? second, whose war morale will stand the terrible strain longest ? The few miles of territory gained are relatively unimportant, unless we could go much faster

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and clear Germany out of Belgium and France. From a moral and Christian point of view the failure to try negotiation before ordering this cruelly sanguinary advance is defeat and disgrace. There seemed many openings—suggestions from U.S.A.and neutral countries —words spoken in Germany, etc.—all could be ignored but need not have been. No one greatly dared to be Christian. One can only hope that, satiated with blood, the 'will to peace' will begin to permeate England and France as well as Germany, and there seems a kind of feeling that the end must come before another winter.

Phil Holt has come back wounded, not very seriously, and Paul Hobhouse, for the second time. A bullet in leg—tiresome but probably curable.

Aug. 18th. The Bungalow, Bude. We have been here three weeks. Delighted with the place. Attractive little house, well arranged (a little deficient in kitchen utensils), low, red-roofed, charming drawing room and our bedroom, 3 others, one double bed, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Waldy, garden, poultry, etc. Beautiful walking country, with sea, cliffs and downs all near by; quaint little town on river and canal; all we could wish except health, for L. is less well and strong than when he came down.

September 6th. Our last day at Bude. Our stay is ending in glorious weather, and great improvement in L.'s condition, more than I thought possible less than three weeks ago. Dr. King's treatment has been steadily successful so far.

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Our weather has been broken by much needed rain, and then too much of that and wind, but still all interesting and fine. Mary was very pleased—got stronger herself — and was a very nice guest, even when we were seedy and not too cheerful. Mary M. too was a great pleasure—her music in the evenings and her company always. I wish she could have stayed into our better days. A pretty, clever and charming companion. I wish she would get her sleeping power back.

Maggie Hobhouse came to the Edgecombe and enjoyed bathing vigorously. The last days of her stay the news of Stephen's Tribunal decision came. He was given alternative service, but will make no bargain with the Act, will not even appeal, so I fear the next step will be his arrest. Somehow, I hope either it will not happen, or he will not go through the horrible treatment many of the C.O.s' are having. If anyone ought to have total exemption that delicate, working philanthropist and religious teacher ought to, but I am afraid if he gets better treatment than his fellows it will be only because his case will be urged by and to influential people. Public work, philanthropy and religion must all come into the service of the war and be part of the machine, or they don't count.

Meanwhile Roumania has come in on the side of the Allies and all the papers are jubilant and full of prospective victory. We do seem to be having some success in the West, but at what cost? I fear great. Zeppelins have again been active over our S.E. and E. coasts, and the last was a very big affair—13 it is said—

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and one got over N. London—was attacked and brought down in flames, the whole crew perishing. London crowds watching and enjoying the spectacle. Casualties said to be few and damage little — but we must not expect always to be so lucky. All this is hardening opinion to war to the bitter end—if financial conditions hold out. No lead from the Govt.

We, personally, have been pleased at the inclusion of P.R. in the Electoral Enquiry, and two of our Exec. Com. being put on the Com., Earl Grey (from whom L. had a delightful letter—"My dear Chief") and Aneurin Williams. L. wrote to Mr. Walter Long asking for him, and got a civil letter agreeing.

Home. Sept. 16th. Came back ten days ago. Leonard at last seems steadily better and stronger. It would have been nice if we could have had that happiness all our six weeks at the Bungalow, for there was so much that was attractive and peaceful there. As it is we got to love the place. Three separate downs along the sea, with walks along them as far as you could go, and further, rather a pleasant informal feeling about the place, and crowds of healthy happy children with rather unusually well-bred voices and accents, as if they came of good stock. Wild flowers in the back country, honeysuckle and all sorts of marsh flowers, including a sort of sunflower, I think like the one with big leaves and small flowers in my garden. Then a robin was very tame, and little wagtails ran about the lawn charmingly. Read, the gardener was a good fellow, and his young daughter, Doris, helped occasionally, and Mrs. Ching, (New Build-

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ings, Stratton) was a nice, quiet, working helper. Marianne had rather a hard time cooking, for the kitchen was hot, and without all conveniences, but she did it very well. The two generally got out for a walk for an hour or more in the afternoon, when we made our own tea and had even company sometimes to it. Dr. King was a thoroughly good fellow and doctor.

Leonard enjoyed some excursions, one to Tonnacombe Manor (a perfect old Tudor house, owner Mr. Martin) and to Church we took in a motor, and E. H. and M. M. with us, and enjoyed very much, going by breakneck hills and combes—such a road! and coming back by fine open high country. We had many drives to churches within reach. Kilkhampton very attractive churchyard, with stone crucifix recently put up, the only one I have ever seen. Stratton good. One day L. and I walked over to tea there at a nice little tea place. We also went one day in search of his Cotton ancestors' farms of 17 Cent., and found them both, and afterwards dictated a memorandum, which I shall insert at back of book. Lastly he drove in motor taking L.T.H. and his daughter with him to Hartland Church, which they greatly admired, though L. did not find the tomb of one of his forbears in the church, and thought it might be under some carpet which was not to be moved.

Fred Harrison came once or twice, by the way, and was so extreme about the war as to be quite amusing, and got on comfortably with us and with E.H. even. He wants to abolish Parliament, Peers and Commons, and have a Dictatorship, which he amplified into a Tri-

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umvirate. We asked him who. "Oh, King George for one, for I am loyal, and I think Lloyd George for the second." L. said ironically, "Why not have a third George, Curzon?" "Yes," was the serious reply, "He would make a good third!"

Yesterday L. heard that one of the Cabinet declared to a friend of ours Ll. George could not speak the truth, and that the third G. was detestable; he hated him.

Sept. 20th. Heard by Rosa Hobhouse in a teashop in the middle of a conversation between three young soldiers: "All hatred for the Germans goes when you see them lying dead."

Oct. 2nd. I wrote this in consequence and sent it first to the 'Times,' and had a private letter from the Editor, who thought it unwise to print it. There was no doubt about the humanity of our soldiers and not good to distract people's mind from the one work of crushing Prussian militarism, was the point of his letter.

Oct. 17th, 1916. More than a month at home. L. goes on recovering, and is as well as a man of 84 can expect to be, and he walks and eats much as usual. To-day he is presiding at a meeting for Lowes Dickenson to lecture, and Friday he was speaking to one of our little W.I.L. Discussion Meetings on P.R. The Electoral Conference is formed and our Committee have met to discuss plans, but I fear it is a poor Committee, and doubt if much will come of it. Still we must take what advantage of it we can, and Humphreys can be trusted to do that. His powers of speech have vastly improved since his tour of the Colonies.

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I have lost the thread of military events, but we don't seem much "forrader," though daily having successes and losing lives, and, of course, 'killing more of the enemy.' And now the Allies are bit by bit taking over Greece—have entered or seized Athens. Will Venizelos carry us through so that we may not appear to the world and to history to have destroyed the independence of a small nation?

Was it a fortnight ago or less that Lloyd George gave that interview — a wicked one — meant to destroy any chance of peace and vulgar in language? Dick Holt attacked him in the House for it, made him furious, but I was glad, and proud of my nephew, for it was a good speech.

Stephen is now in Detention Barracks for refusing to conform to the Service Act. He, whose whole life has been devoted to serving the community, is now in a cell alone, without books, and sleeping, or not doing so, on a plank bed, keeping his sweet temper and tolerance all through it. He would make no bargain with the Act, nor take advantage of any means of getting exemption. They have asked him three times to be medically examined, I expect with the intention of finding him unfit, but he refuses.

Oct. 24th. Last night we had an interesting dinner here — mixed company but free talk. The Hoovers, Lord Morley, Sir Maurice de Bunsen (naturally interested about the assassination of Count Stuergkh, Austrian P.M.), Sir J. Simon, Norman Angell and G. P. Gooch, the latter an excellent element with his questions

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and clear open mind. Lord M. was in very good form, and evidently enjoyed it.

To-day L.'s letter in form of article on the Conference (Electoral) and P.R. in 'Times'—a good one too.

Nov. 10th. A very interesting party last night. Massinghams, Canon and Mrs. Gamble, Lord Haldane, Alfred, and Janet Trevelyan and Miss Ward, W.I.L. Went very well, I was told Janet said afterwards: "She is the only person who keeps up the social life of Chelsea, and yet she is a horrid pacifist!" Well, the only thing I should be rather vain of is that people said of our house: "All sincere opinions can be expressed and understood," as far as brain limitations allow, of course.

Nov. 20th. Two family events of importance. My sister, Mary, has, it is feared, a return of her trouble, and has gone into a nursing home, 99, Cromwell Road, to have an operation to-morrow—how serious one does not know. Courageous and cheerful as before — a brave woman!

And my dear Stephen has faced the consequences of his determined opposition to military service. The Court Martial came off last Wedn. Leonard insisted on going down to Warminster for it, though Stephen deprecated his doing so. We slept the night at the Bath Arms (not too well on a hard bed—what must not a plank one be!) We, Rosa with us, took motor to Longbridge Barracks, and there, on the skirts of a wood full of late autumn tints, were the huts and soldiery. Stephen emerged—it was early, before 9 o'c.—looking a gentleman, in spite of no collar and unpolished boots

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and shabby clothes, calm and unperturbed. The proceedings were tedious, a repetition of the formal evidence of refusal to put on uniform by several witnesses unchallenged, and all taken down in writing instead of short-hand. Major Churt, the President, was fair and courteous. Stephen read a simple, short and dignified statement, and Leonard was allowed to speak as to character—not altogether relevant some of it to the actual charge, but I was glad he got it in, and grateful to him for going. The two young people were much helped in their trial, and it did good to other C.O.'s also. But of course the result was a foregone conclusion: "Deemed a soldier, they disobeyed orders." The sentence we now hear is 6 months hard labour, and S. has gone to Wormwood Scrubs, where it is said there is the largest Quaker Meeting for Worship in England. Perhaps an exaggeration this—but there will hardly be a more living one.

Dec. 1st. Last Sat. a crowded meeting here, nominally of the Chelsea and Kens. Branches of the W.I.L., but two-thirds were not members, and quite a third were opponents of Peace by Negotiation which was the subject. C. R. Buxton: "Is a reasonable peace possible?" There was a good discussion, and people seemed immensely interested. I could hardly get them down to tea, and several expressed themselves as glad to have had a frank talk. Of course, they were mostly our friends, and only those came who felt they could stand our views. I was a little anxious about disturbance as some of the Pankhurst ladies tried every device to get invitation, but all went quietly, crammed as it was.

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Mary is going on well, but, of course, it is slow recovering. She is said to be doing it well.

Paul Hobhouse came to tea. He is expecting every or any day or hour to go to the front again. Twice wounded, will he escape again? He looked so nice and young and wholesome. Quite understands Stephen's position, though it is not his. Says, perhaps truly, Stephen was bound to get into prison. Would have been there for peace propaganda under the Defence of the Realm Act if he had been exempted. He is now in Wormwood Scrubs—cold and cheerless it must be.

Our first aeroplane raid two days ago, right in the centre of London. More to be feared than Zeppelins I think, and in the day time too, when streets are crowded. Feeling will naturally get infuriated, and the Germans could not have done a worse thing if they want peace—like Ll. George's speech on this side.

Dec. 3rd. Noel arrived yesterday on 10 days' leave, and is spending the Sunday with us. Has been back of the main 'push' in Intelligence Corps. Reports the great obstacle to progress is the state of the roads or of no roads. Whole country in front of our lines torn with shell holes, roads obliterated and deep in mud, men in our front trenches up to waist in mud and water, and Germans thought to be worse. N. says their spirit is gone, and if we could get on we should move rapidly, but, of course, he judges from prisoners and deserters, which he says are not few—but guns cannot move without roads, and so we are stuck.

Meanwhile a Cabinet crisis is going on—real I believe this time. Last night placards: "Asquith sees

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King." Lloyd George packing up, etc. There has been for some time a great combination of yellow press and politicians like Dalziel, Carson, etc., to get rid of the more moderate, they would say inefficient, members of the Govt., and make a War Ministry for 'fighting to victory.' No great belief in Asquith, but there would be a great dread of Lloyd George and Carson in many quarters, and Liberals would be emancipated if present Coalition dissolved. Grey and Lansdowne and Balfour are supposed to be favourable to some steps toward negotiation. Robert Cecil said to be extremely warlike (at which I am surprised and very sorry).

Went up to Campden Hill this morning and saw G. P. Gooch (in bed!) He knows so much about everything that naturally people of all kinds talk to him, and he told me some things, but a few days will show. It may be patched up or we may be in the melting pot.

The war is not going well. Roumania is being overrun. Bucharest seems certain to go. The Entente are coercing Greece and the Greek Govt. and people of Athens by force—there has been fighting and bombardment—but little definite news gets through. I have been praying it would not come to this, for I don't see how ordinary neutral opinion can see much difference between our treatment of Greece and Germany's of Belgium as far as principle is concerned. Consequences will, I hope, be enormously different. Then we are stuck on the Somme, and our food supply gravely in peril between submarines, Dick Holt says, even more lack of renewing our ships.

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He and Eliza were dining here on Friday and with them Gullands, Aneurin Williams, Lady M. Sackville and Sir John Simon. The latter evades any real talk, but did come out strongly about the resentment expressed towards any offer of mediation (Ll. George's speech in mind perhaps), which he thought wholly unreasonable. He will soon be talking of peace negotiations, and I shall not remind him of his solemn warning to us "not to mention the word peace."

Dec. 21st. What a fortnight!

A really serious political crisis. Lloyd George's demands—resignation. Asquith's resignation—Bonar Law summoned by King — declines — Ll. George summoned—accepts—but can he do it?

Succeeds—and then a day or so of speculation as to whom he has got. Finally forms his government practically a Govt. of Departmental head clerks, with a triumvirate of an astonishing composition. The War Cabinet consists of himself, Lords Milner and Curzon (imagine Ll. G. leading those two). True, Henderson is nominally a member to catch Labour Party, and Bonar Law, but the latter we are carefully told is not expected to attend always. Well, it is easier to run a war with fewer to decide, but it remains to be seen whether that particular trio will do it. Very much a matter of luck which they may have — otherwise it may be a catastrophe.

A revolution made mostly by the Northcliffe press, which has been working for it for months. But the "Manchester Guardian" helped, and certainly the late Govt. did not face questions or make peace.

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Leonard is not hopeful, and certainly the change seems to be adverse to movement towards peace. One of the surprises of the new Govt. is Mr. Balfour going to the F.O. without being in the Cabinet ! !

Unless success comes, perhaps even if it does, there will be much freeing of criticism in the old Liberal Party. Asquith had kept them quiet—a sort of soothing syrup P.M. That is to the good. The new Govt. had hardly been formed when Germany threw a bomb at it. Reichstag summoned by telegram, and Chancellor announced they had made proposals for negotiation through neutral Govts. No terms mentioned. His speech unfortunately was aggressive, and the Kaiser's message to his army not less so. Still it was a step towards talking to their enemies. Received by most of the press here with jeers and declamation of refusal, but there were some voices who counselled against bare refusal. On Tuesday last statements were made in both Houses. The new P.M. aggressive like Bethman Hollweg—even more so—but did not absolutely shut the door. Lord Curzon, who made a fine speech from the oratorical point of view, in his new post of Leader of the Lords, equally arrogant. No voice raised in the Commons meeting the German advance (probably it was thought better not by the friends of negotiation), and none in Lords except my stalwart, who rose and spoke earnestly and strongly without one bit of support, though I noticed the men were listening to him very seriously. I was so proud and glad he was able, but will it do any good ? But it was the true word and cannot be utterly lost.

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We dined at the Gambles' afterwards, and it seemed frivolous after the strain of the afternoon. I have been sending some lines of L.'s to some of our friends, especially those whom we have seen less of than usual, and are not quite in sympathy with us and yet affectionate. I wrote them on Christmas cards and they run so:

"With hearts deep laden to our friends we turn,
Old friends, the friends with whom we lived and laughed,
Shall we not huddle closer now all mourn?
As shipwrecked sailors, clinging to a raft,
Still press together, praying with bated breath,
That morn and life may conquer night and death."

C. of P.

Then I wrote this:

"I dreamt I heard the Peace bells ringing,
Distant still yet clearly ringing.
And oh! my heart with joy was singing.
I woke and found the war drum beating.
The Devil was his cauldron heating
'To give them Hell, to give them Hell.'
Rulers of England, is it well?
Have ye no way but to 'give them Hell.'
Come back, come back, my happy dream,
And let the Nations soon be singing
New songs of peace and joy bells ringing."

Parmoor—Christmas Eve. Sunday too.

Came down Friday morning—Alfred, Ethel and Mrs. A. Cripps, and yesterday Jack and Ruth Egerton, whom we have hardly seen since the war, dear young people, overwhelmed with friends and relatives as they are. Rather cold and wet yesterday, but we had a picturesque walk with a winter sunset Friday, and

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yesterday a really beautiful picture of low sun lighting up a rough open field with bracken hedge in foreground, brown and gold and even crimson.

Another great sensation the morning we left. Without hint or warning. Pres. Wilson has sent a Note appealing for Peace to all the Belligerents, said to be without any knowledge of the German move. It raised my spirits, for surely it is another step. Rather damped by the chorus of resentment either angry or scornful or sorrowful and reproachful in the press—as epitomised in the "Times" yesterday. "M. Guardian" was better but carping. Perhaps a day or two's reflection may bring another note. Otherwise it is shocking!

Christmas Day, 1916.

"A Christmas Greeting in this tragic year
We seek. Take then His parting word Who said
'When tribulations come be of good cheer,
I have o'ercome the world,' and thus bestead,
'Rejoice,' singing with angels at His birth,
'Good will to all men, Peace upon the Earth.'"

Leonard thought of these last night and greeted me with them while we were still in bed—so I wrote them down before I went to my bath. I like them.

Penzance. January 10th. Came down here for the New Year. Leonard's sister Margaret has been failing for some time, but I am glad to say she can enjoy seeing and hearing him and talking a little herself. A guarded, limited life, but much cared for.

1, Regent Terrace, No. 6 being given up, and the landlady, Mrs. Donnithorne at No. 12 where we were

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to have gone, losing her husband just as we were coming. Our landlady here, Mrs. Scobey, a character, very good and very economical cook, and everything comfortable, but situation not so good for view. Stairs dangerously steep, and rooms smaller than No. 12. Still we are happy here—both very well. Spend a good deal of time at Trenance. L. has taken some long walks—Castle Dinas yesterday, and I have watched every morning for the sunrise over the sea, and had some great ones—a glorious one to-day—and, of course, there is the constant reading about the war and eager looking for peace signs.

Jan. 7th. Letter from Mr. Merriman telling us of Pres. Steyn's fine end, addressing an audience of women, urging them to peace and reconciliation. In the middle of a sentence he hesitated, put his hand to his head, and dropped dead. Almost his last words were: "The people seem bent on committing suicide. Can we not send up a prayer for peace and for a renewal of brotherly love?" Advice worthy of the man, and Mr. M. adds: "When we remember all he went through in the Anglo-Boer war, and how he laid down position, fortune, ease and risked his life for his country, few will withhold from him the honour which history pays to great patriots."

January 15th. Penzance. Sunday, our last day here, and a really glorious winter one, after much rain, sleet and drizzle, yet fine intervals, clear skies and sun. Twenty-five patrol boats in the Bay these last few days—and 'Notes' going to and fro and raising hopes and then doubts. Our Govt. has sent a poor answer in matter and wording to Germany's, through the U.S.A.

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—very poor. And now comes the Allies' note in answer to Pres. Wilson's appeal—far better in style and wording and I think an advance, but a strong presentment of our side and attack on the Central Powers. Still even talking at each other is better than only to ourselves. But how many weeks and months will pass with their slaughter and hatred before these faltering and blundering statesmen lead us to the end? The main point about the Note, both Notes, is that they were obviously written by men who did not want peace now. Nobody wanting peace would have put their meaning into those words.

February 7th. Events have moved since my last entry, but for the moment only fierce war in prospect. Pres. Wilson has spoken again on the kind of peace the U.S.A. could join in guaranteeing (about which L. wrote a letter to the "Times" which after a few days' delay, was inserted, Feb. 1st).

Then came Germany's answer to the Allies' Peace Terms, announcing unlimited sinking of ships without warning, belligerent and neutral, coming to and from Great Britain, followed on Saturday last by Wilson's speech to the Congress, announcing severance of relations with Germany, couched in grave and sorrowful words, with something like an appeal to the German people not to carry out their threat. Up to to-day, Wedn., there is no sign of that appeal being answered, and though the U.S.A. Ambassador has not actually left Berlin, it seems probable that America will cease to be the one powerful neutral friend of all belligerents and protector and feeder of Belgium. The personal question all are asking is, will the submarines succeed in stopping

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our supplies, or will Germany and Austria starve first? The war has come to a competition in starving babies. We are invited to ration ourselves strictly, 2½ lbs. meat, 4 bread, ¾ of sugar. Coldest weather we have had for years, but lately very bright and dry.

Other events. Electoral Reform Report, and great jubilation among P.R. supporters at its inclusion. Some anxiety among women's suffrage people, but we think that must also be included.

Good little W.I.L. Meeting at Clapham for me to talk at, and a big one of our Chelsea Branch, when L. presided and Norman Angell spoke, at Lady Margaret Sackville's—really a brilliant success—over 200, and half unconverted or opponents.

February 18th. No serious change in situation. U.S.A. and German ambassadors have been respectively withdrawn, but it is not yet clear if war will ensue, and few people here seem to know what to wish about it.

Parliament has met. Ll. George taking little notice of the House of Commons—no distinct political result or development yet. Is everything and everybody waiting for that dreadful spring offensive? Meanwhile Sir Douglas Haig has an interview with a French journalist, full of confidence, even boastful of what the Allies can do whenever they choose. Ministers, however, warn us of further sacrifices and strain, and no end yet.

February 23rd. The accuracy of this interview has since been questioned—but neither denied nor affirmed.

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Grt. War Loan just concluded—said to be a great success. Patriotism and 5 per cent. urged in every possible way from cinemas to churches.

Trying our rationing. Think some good result may come out of it as long as voluntary.

Frost has gone!

February 23rd. Down to Flowermead alone. L. has been several times, and I was invited now. Lord Morley has been ill, mostly in bed since early in Dec. Very ill at one time. I found him in his library and we had a very interesting talk, though I fear I talked too much, telling him all the news of any kind I had heard and a good deal he did not know about the C.O.'s and our Emergency Committee for alien enemies.

He kindly said at parting that I had put fresh spirit into him. Of course we talked about the war, and a pretty hopeless state it is in from every point of view, and either the Government have some reason for wanting to depress us, or matters are very serious to judge from various speeches and press articles.

We were told last night (almost first hand) that the War Office had told their journalists not to write optimistically about the military situation. There would not be a military success in the Spring—it was a case of attrition and holding out. If this is true, as I believe, what absolute wicked folly those anti-peace notes and speeches were a week or two ago. One can't conceive serious men acting so. Attrition—whoever has the last young man and the last baby will win the war, and who will have them?

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Lord M. remarked that Ll. George had a "mobile mind," and might, when it appeared the moment, turn round for peace.

Wednesday. We had the Bryces, Norwegian Minister, Alfred and C. R. Buxton to lunch and some good talk, a bit guarded! But they all expressed themselves warmly at parting, and enjoyed their lunch, which I boldly gave without meat. Alfred said afterwards: "Never had a nicer one!"

Tea yesterday with the Snowdens in the House. Quite alone—both very earnest and he outspoken and not consequently popular. But the U.D.C. men did have a good innings on Tuesday night—a regular peace debate —Ponsonby, Trevelyan, Macdonald and Snowden, and were listened to quietly, and answered rather cheaply by Bonar Law, but fairly respectfully.

March 4th. Went to the U.D.C. office and found the enthusiastic Morel triumphant over the U.D.C. Council meeting at Bradford, and a public meeting in the evening when he said J. R. Macdonald made a wonderful speech, atmosphere electric. Stockton is to be contested, though a hopeless place owing to shipbuilding, etc., but bye elections are good propaganda work, and no place is quite hopeless now.

Statements of politicians and press are very depressed now: Of course, we must win, but a long war and results not to be expected soon, and meanwhile there is anxiety about food.

Even a big retreat of Germans on Ancre is received with doubtful satisfaction.

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March 6th. Churchill speaks out about Salonika. Circumstances have changed since he went there, the chance lost. What is he driving at? He is said to have prophesied lately that before long he would be leading the Liberal party and Lloyd George the Tory—but with all his brains—far more than Lloyd George—is he to be trusted?

March 7th. I went yesterday with Rosa Hobhouse to see Stephen in prison at Wormwood Scrubs. I was nervous and indeed did not do very well for the dear noble fellow in my short ten minutes. We went into a pen like a horse box, and there he stood about a yard off, but with two thicknesses of fine wire gauze between us so that I could only see his outline and his smile—that was as calm and kind as ever, and I was glad to note that he was collected, talked quite naturally with "no morbid consciousness" and absolutely no bitterness, and yet it is a dismal, lonely life, bare of everything, including human fellowship. After a few words about his health and messages from the Emergency Committee, he asked me about the International situation, for they get no news except through the coloured spectacles of the Chaplain. There are numbers of men like him more or less, now treated like felons and doing hard labour in order to coerce their consciences and wills, and no Liberals protest except a few pacifists. It makes me scornfully furious even with my friends who call themselves Liberals. But one must be patient and wait for the spirit of good to move and work as one can. I know some of these same friends are good men, only are obsessed by something they call patriotism, and in its name give up everything that makes our country worth caring for.

March 17th. An interesting week-end with news of the revolution in Russia. What exactly happened we

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don't know, and perhaps shall not yet; indeed happenings may not have finished. But so far as news is given there appears to have been considerable street fighting—soldiers eventually going over to the Revolution—moderate and known men chosen as leaders—a Govt. formed by Duma—the Tsar abdicated or deposed and a Regent appointed said to be his brother Michael. The revolution is not in the interests of making peace, but it may eventually even do that, as it must affect the whole of Europe—stimulate freedom and democracy and especially may have great consequences in Germany. But all is speculation now and intensely interesting.

Three other things this week I have liked. First, on Tuesday Leonard moved an amendment in the Lords to the silly Govt. Bill depriving German Princes who are also British Peers of their titles and instead of being alone found Lords Lansdowne, Bryce — ex-Lord Chancellor, and others supporting him. It was really funny and made one feel dreadfully respectable, but I rather enjoyed it.

Then came our family party for our wedding day. Louis, H. and M. Hobhouse and Arthur home on leave, Dick and Eliza, Alfred and Mary Booth. All seemed very happy and kind, and I shewed them the beautiful miniature of our Mother that two unknown Cousins, Miss Greenshaws, had sent me.

Yesterday came my third pleasure in a long visit from General Smuts, who landed a few days ago and wrote at once that he wanted to see Leonard and me and have a talk over the situation. I had not thought that, coming over as he was to the War Council, he would thus have sought us out. He looked fine and able and spoke frankly I think—plying L. with questions, for he said: "I come to you as an oracle. You have always been

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right, etc." He has a wholly different tone towards war and peace to that among the majority here, and I hope much from his influence in the Councils. Much more reasonable and generous and really anxious for a real peace, much as he condemns German brutality—to the natives especially in E. Africa. But he was appalled at some of the things said and written here and such suggestions as the Paris Economic Boycott Conference. It was refreshing to talk to him. L. told him frankly that he was sorry he (Gen. Smuts) had given the interview to the press in which he stated the German Colonies could not be given back, and Gen. Smuts said: "You must not take what I said too seriously," as if it might be reconsidered. At any rate, he did not mind L. speaking about it frankly. So now I have a fresh ground for hope in this Boer General's very influential voice on the War Council. May he stick to his peace proclivities. Oh, and he spoke of the "crushing victory" business as nonsense and not to be got.

March 25th. Yesterday a beautiful and loving letter came from Stephen to Leonard. He has suddenly, without any reason given, been returned to his Unit, 3/10th London at Teignmouth, and until the Court Martial is allowed comparative liberty. We suppose he will be again court martialled and sentenced. It makes me hot to think of it all. L. has, at Mr. Massingham's request, written a paper, a "Memory of 1848," for the "Nation" of this week. Rather rapid work as he only began it Wednesday and it was in proof Thursday evening.

April 3rd. Another rapid bit of writing L. did last Friday. A great blow had fallen on us and all our P.R. set. After being unanimously put into the proposals of the Speaker's Conference, Ll. George, influenced by party agents, and a section of Conservatives who dislike P.R., intimated that it would be dropped in the Govt.

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Bill. Great consternation and consultation and on Friday morning a letter by H. G. Wells gave L. an opening, so he sat down after breakfast and wrote a letter too—interrupted by a Com. of the Soc. here at 10.30—but it was finished by 12.30, and he took it himself to the "Times" Office, and Sat. it appeared, followed on Monday by a splendid trumpet call from Earl Grey, ill as he was, and several other letters. We all declared for fight, Dick Holt vehemently and Alfred too, and really the situation looks a lot better.

Easter—1917. Ivinghoe, Kings Head. (Pickering).

April 13th. Hoar frost on the grass, ice on the road puddles, keen cold wind, but brilliant sun. We have just had a glorious walk along the top of the section of the downs of which the Ivinghoe Beacon is the centre point—blue sky—white clouds and great wide view on two sides—broken ground on a third. Two tumuli, one on the spur at the end of the ridge which we began with, other on a point over the road to Little Gaddesden. One and half hours' easy walk.

We came down Thursday before Easter. With us Grace Holt—an amiable, helpful companion but not very strong, or perhaps overdone, and she had to leave Tuesday. Small, homely Inn, shabbily furnished but comfortable, and very good food, except tea which I got right, and milk which is the thinnest I ever saw, fresh butter ditto. But what would you? There is not a blade of grass yet, and food stuffs are scarce. As a labourer said, talking to Leonard about his bullocks: "They were out at grass last year 25th March. It will be 25th April this year. We just keeps them warm and they keeps themselves alive on a bit of mangold and chaff and chopped straw the rest." No one has ever

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known such an April—snow covered the whole country two mornings—hail, rain and bitter winds other days. But we are, more than we expected even, delighted with the country. Just under fine downs, sometimes bare, sometimes beech-wooded, stretching for miles and with endless folds in them and new walks from two to eight miles or so. And we have never been kept from two or three good walks, though we have had to give up long expeditions.

Sat. drove over to Tring and had tea at the 'Rose and Crown' with Louise and Miss G. Simpson. Several scrambles over the downs. L. has been to Edlesborough Church and village and we both walked on Wednesday through some slush to Aldbury. A little snow going and coming back, a wild storm covering L. with white as he would take neither umbrella nor mackintosh. I had both.

Had a good and interesting tea in a cottage with a dear old woman at the entrance to the village. Got eventually into church, which L. had walked to before (he is generally my pioneer). Passed what I feel sure must be Stocks (Humphrey Wards) and thought we might call Sunday aft. Saw a delightful small house and also farm building either of which might be Stocks Cottage where George and Janet Trevelyan go.

Meanwhile the war goes on. The Battle of Arras seems a real success and is heralded as the beginning of victory, though with an undertone of anxiety as to our food supply lasting till the military situation forces peace on Germany.

Two other developments are exciting speculation and hope. The Russian Revolution and the coming in of U.S.A., perhaps to be followed by Brazil and other S.A. Republics.

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The Russian Revolution is acclaimed by friends of freedom here and the peace party, and by the war party and friends of freedom in Germany, but I think with more real enthusiasm by the former. Great mass meeting in Albert Hall nearly wild with excitement—among other things cheering for full five minutes for the conscientious objectors in prison.

Stephen meanwhile is at Teignmouth recovering his health by the comparative good food and air in Barracks awaiting his 2nd sentence of Court Martial.

April 14th. Walked yesterday across fields to Edlesborough Church perched picturesquely on a mound or conical hill standing up on the flat. Our path lay through huge fields of arable, and when the corn is green, and still more golden, it would be a beautiful setting for the grey old church. But alas the clods are not even broken up—too wet to do it—and not a man did we see working. But a farmer told us the corn could still be sown if the weather turned fine.

Tea at an inn—rather difficult to get but very good when it came and very welcome after the 3½ miles walk. Alas! How I depend on comforts. It will not do to take long walks in keen air if one is to starve and yet hard-workers will perhaps be doing it ere long.

To-day stormy and threatening rain. I started with L. but left him at the canal where the lower road we took to Mentmore Park crossed it, and I walked back along the tow path passing a big barge heavily laden with coal being managed by two sturdy young women and a girl of 14. One was opening the lock gates while the other fed her two scraggy horses. They had curious but sensible sort of sunbonnets, only not for sun, with deep curtains of cloth and covered all over the crown

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with those bits of cloth people make mats of. Would turn any amount of rain I expect.

April 16th. Yesterday a most beautiful ramble up the down nearest us with beech woods and along top and down by a combe—peaceful soft sun, misty, but not warm. Tea beforehand with the Vicar (Mr. Harvey) and his sister. Most kind and hospitable—big old house and garden.

April 22nd. Home since Monday, when we came up for a P.R. Com. at office. Still very cold and wet. Since then spring has at last come and buds and daffodils are coming out almost hourly. The event of the week for me has been the news of second sentence on Stephen Hobhouse—2 years' hard labour for obeying Christ rather than the War God. I had cherished a hope that either he would have been discharged as medically unfit, or there would have been a change of policy about the genuine C.O.'s, as their case is being taken up by many who are not or have not been against the war, indeed the reverse, but the military machine is too strong still.

Another interest has been the debate and press on the banning of the "Nation" going abroad—a chorus of disapproval also from some unexpected quarters. These things are bringing home militarism to some and slowly undermining, I hope, their belief in this Govt. and its Chief. Apparently great successes in France are working on the other side—perhaps U.S.A. enthusiasm for our cause also —still some restraint and good counsel may come from Pres. Wilson and some impetus towards liberty and peace from Russia. Very little news from there, but it is evident there is a peace party among the revolutionaries. One hears rumours too of violence—officers killed by their men, naval especially—but little comes through.

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May 6th. A distinct change in temper I seem to feel, unless the people I come across are exceptional. The sort of elation caused by the advance in France and the U.S.A. entry into the war has given way to depression, though without any turning towards peace. Moods change quickly and it may pass. The great battles in France go on, and I fear with great slaughter and casualties on both sides. The French are said to be appalling and we say the Germans are. Clearly the submarines are sinking ships and cargoes worse than ever and no one knows what our food position is, and the Russian military situation is doubtful.

The last two days there has been a political crisis there—news meagre—but evidently a contest between Miliukoff and Imperialists and the Revolutionary Council and Internationalism—apparently ending in compelling the former to accept the anti-annexationist declaration by the latter. So far good, very good. It is my one hope the effect of the new Russian spirit on Germany, U.S.A. and, alas, slowly ourselves. If only our Labour Party had been true to themselves, and insisted, like these Russian workmen on liberty, democracy and international friendship.

May 12th. Last evening Genl. Smuts came to dinner, having proposed himself as we told him to do. The party were G. P. Gooch, Judge Mackarness (at S.'s request), C. R. Buxton, Alfred and Mr. Molteno. Tremendous lot of talking and of friendliness—quite frank but a bit discursive, and whether it came to much I hardly know. They stayed till 11.15 and I think enjoyed themselves. Anyhow, Gooch asked and gave a good deal of information. But I fear whether any way out which can be taken will be.

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Two days' secret session of Commons. Reported that Churchill had made a striking speech of which main points said to be—Military position in West, deadlock—Russia practically out of war—peace terms of Allies should be restated—Mesopotamia and German colonies not worth 800,000 more casualties. On the other hand I hear Govt. were reassuring about the submarine danger. We had it in hand. Starvation not to be feared. Had exaggerated in order to secure reasonable economy. I daresay we shall know more.

Debate on C.O. which was to have been in Lords, postponed.

May 19. L. went to League of Nations Meeting Monday. Good-toned speech by Smuts, cautious ones by Bryce and Archbishop, and outspoken statement by Lord Buckmaster that no League of Nations was worth having which did not include Germany. Eliza Holt told me she thought "Uncle Leonard" would have brought the platform down thumping with his stick—generally cheered. Lord Hugh Cecil had the audacity to go in for the brotherhood of man and a return to Christianity.

I have been occupied, at Mrs. Bridgewater's instigation, about the fate of 13 German women from E. Africa, landed here and claimed by the Belgians as their prisoners to go to France. I saw them all at Mills Hotel, Gower St., in one of their bedrooms with 9 children, and found them grateful and troubled. They had to go in spite of their entreaties to stay here, but I hope we have secured some extra consideration. At any rate the Belgian Minister has assured me they need fear nothing. But they do!

G. and R. Dobbs here till Friday while Richard was in a Home for a slight operation. Still doubtful how far that poor boy can recover completely.

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L. has been very active. Letter to the "Times" and interview by request in 'Observer' on P.R.

May 22nd. L. gave an interview on P.R. to 'Common Sense' yesterday. He also heard a piece of news which, if true, is important. That the reorganised Russian Govt. had sent a letter to our Govt. asking the Allies to come into line with the declared war policy of Russia—in fact to go for an International Peace and not for victory pure and simple, and saying further that they could not hold Russia unless some such declaration was made.

L. took an opportunity of telling this to Lord Lansdowne to-day, who had not heard it. It ought to be known by the country. T. E. Harvey told me to-day that some public open statement to all the Allies was about to be made by Russia, but whether this is another version of the story L. heard I don't know and I said nothing of ours.

Went to Lords with Mrs. Clark and Maggie. C.O. debate again postponed at request of Govt. Lord Derby gone to France.

May 28. Parmoor. When the C.O. question was at length brought on by Alfred it was most unsatisfactory. The last day before the holidays—two questions before Alfred—an empty House. I really felt humiliated that the Peers of England should be eagerly interested about race horses and wholly uninterested about consciences. Eleven, of whom four were going to speak, made up the House. Alfred did well and said what he wanted to say. Then followed the Archbishop on the same side, but rather timid and not understanding such men as Stephen and his comrades.

Then Lord Derby!! What a sight! Coarse, unintelligent, stupid but honest and strong-willed—a sort

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of ox. I came away before the end and missed a warm little word of Leonard's which gave great comfort to Mrs. Clark and Maggie.

That evening we had an interesting men's party. Lord Hugh Cecil, Buckmaster, Mr. Gooch, Brailsford and, unexpectedly, Noel, who turned up before dinner from France. Different points of view, but all seeking in various ways towards peace. Lord B. came out very strongly and frankly said "speaking for himself" that Lloyd George's 'coup' was on account of the peace talk that was going on between the late Govt. and Germany, and to stop chance of peace then. Lord Hugh has fine ideas of human brotherhood and Internationalism, but clings to victory first—probably not a resting place for his keen mind. Mr. Gooch and Brailsford knew European conditions, probably most of them all, and Lord Hugh treated B. with marked respect after hearing him. We must go on as long as we can with these little parties. They are useful as well as interesting. Genl. Smuts was to have come but failed a week ago. Lord Morley also but could not get a motor and dare not trust to chance for coming away. Indeed it was surprising that he thought of coming at all so delicate is he.

Parmoor. And now we are here in the most glorious early summer weather possible—an ironic contrast to prison cells and trenches and battlefields in this world God made. I never saw lilacs and all other flowering trees and shrubs so laden with blossom. Alfred has let his lawns grow to save mowing and the flowering of the grass is wonderful. Bare grass for years and years, in one season has turned into an Alpine meadow.

Jack and Ruth are the only children here, and a dear young couple they are, and we have been very happy in

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our company and in rambling through woods and fields. L. has taken long walks as usual.

Princes Risborough (Bucks). George and Dragon. June 3rd. A small motor brought us here from Alfred's on Tuesday. It is a splendid spot for walks and excursions, long and short, but we wished it half a mile nearer the foot of the fine downs partly covered with beech wood—miles of walking on high land. Hotel small and on street, so not free from dust and noise, but dead quiet at night. Nice little old town or big village, and Mrs. Filbee, the landlady is a good sort. A fine big white-haired woman who has had varied fortunes and positions. One little parlour and bedrooms few and small. Still we have been comfortable. How it would be if there were other visitors always here I don't know.

Our first walk was by road to the foot of the cross cut on the Down and climb up it on to the hill (tumulus) and back by Upper Icknield Way, across fields which we found was the best and shortest way to the cross.

One afternoon to Grt. Kimble. Two miles of fine road, dainty little inn, beautifully quiet and rural and pleasant rooms.

Then another walk to Lacey Green, and by a wrong turn we walked along Grimm's Dyke in the opposite direction we meant to go. Found ourselves at a charming looking, half-empty, deserted house, which we discovered had been Tom Armstrong's, who had put over the gable a quotation from Brown's poem on a garden. (Brown of the "Fo'c's'le Yarns.")

Kate (dictated from here by L.) by this time being tired, we managed by great good luck to pick up a governess cart which took us back.

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Another day we drove in a wagonette to Hampden House. Saw the church, some of the exterior of the house, the park and common, very fine beeches, and Spanish chestnuts—the grand avenue being, I believe (according to my memory of more than 40 years back) mainly Spanish chestnuts. The country may be called "Hampden's Country," but Chequers, another fine park and gracious old house, is linked with the names of Cromwell and Rupert. These historic associations, the good quality of the churches and the noble slopes of the hills with their combes and amphitheatres and spreading beeches make up a delightful pleasure and health ground, and great views also of the Vale of Aylesbury spreading like a sea at the foot of the hills. One more charm must not be forgotten—the Ickneild Way runs right across it, broken indeed, disappearing and re-appearing, but with clear runs of a mile or more at a time. Grimm's Dyke too is a fine incident worthy of being sought out and followed. Moreover it is a country of footpaths and tracks running all over the hills and across and across the meadows down below. As Kate has said, we have had continuous fine weather. The high roads would doubtless dry quickly even in rain, but the footpaths, where chalk constantly emerges, would probably be very slippery. We rejoice in our one experience. (End of L.).

About situations. Lacey Green is high ground and the Whip Inn small and modest looks comfortable. The landlady has a furnished cottage she lets to visitors and also takes children to look after herself.

Whiteleaf Hamlet would be a delightful situation if only the houses were ever to let. Mrs. Dallas', at one of three villas, was to let, but is taken for August, 3½ guineas.

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July 4. More than a month and no entry. I have not been altogether idle, but tired and not up to my duties. To-night I am sitting waiting for Leonard to come home with the news of the Division on P.R. in the Commons—the fateful vote. He was going to the Pol. Econ. Club dinner first and then to watch the last hour of the debate. It is odd that even with the overwhelming interest of the war one should feel so keen about this question, but apart from old and long devotion to it, I feel the political fate of the sane people about peace and war may hang on it.

The month has been full of events. The "Competitive Annihilation" in France still goes on—with "great successes" which don't seem to bring us much nearer that peace through victory we are promised.

The submarines also go on. No one knows quite how serious it is, but the German hope of rapid starvation has not yet come.

The U.S.A. has entered the war, and all are building on that to secure certain victory. Given time I suppose it would, but shall we have time? Russia is still pressing for a restatement of terms and up to a few days ago seemed out of the fighting. But their army has now attacked and gained some success.

There has been a horrid aeroplane raid in broad daylight in London with hundreds of dead and wounded, filling people with rage and anxiety—for one does not know if we can protect ourselves against these sudden air attacks.

A big demonstration at Leeds of the I.L.P. and other pacifist bodies has started some sort of attempt to form an organisation like the Workmen's and Soldier's Council in Russia, but whether it will come off, I don't know. Meanwhile the C.O.'s are going on being ill-treated and

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starved in prison. I only hope Stephen is not losing heart and health. Exeter seems a better place than Wormwood Scrubs, and he has sent me some rather beautiful verses addressed to his German fellow workers in Berlin. I read them to Genl. Smuts, who repeated very earnestly, " How Beautiful."

Besides a call on us, he lunched with us to meet Lord Morley—Morel and Lawrence Holt being the other two. Morel was a bold venture, for both Lord M. and S. were evidently a little afraid of him as a dangerous character. But it went off splendidly Lord M. obviously liked Morel and it was 4.15 before the party broke up. The talk was rather disjointed, for our friend from Flowermead, though much better, was not equal to his old self. But they were all extremely pleased and grateful.

The day before yesterday we had a crowded Meeting here—right up the staircase. Nominally a Chelsea W.I.L. affair, but I had asked all sorts of other people. Lord Buckmaster presided, and Gooch gave us a splendid talk on the Internationalist Thinkers of Europe, connecting them with the demand for immediate application by the Russian revolutionaries, the hope of the future. It was a greater success than I could have hoped, and encourages one to go forward—but it is tiring.

On the 6th, his birthday, we had a small family party, cheerful and friendly. Louise, Drakes, May, and Grace Holt. Leonard is wonderfully well in spite of seediness at 85, but oh how I long for him to rejoice over the end of this war. Sometimes I fear he will not have that " Nunc Dimittis " to sing.

15th. Another daylight raid—very bold this time. Twenty-one in close formation like a swarm of bees. Did what they liked, but fortunately the casualties did

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not turn out so great as the earlier one. But it looks as if we must expect them fairly often, and I do not know if protection is possible.

What is going on in Germany politically is our main interest now. Erzberger, a Centre member, has made a sensational speech in the Reichstag in favour of no annexations and indemnities, and there is a great demand for responsible and democratic government joined to this. What line Bethmann Hollweg will take is still uncertain. He probably is with the Liberal and Peace Party personally but how strong are the Conservatives and the Court? The Crown Prince is cropping up again and asserting himself. Unfortunately, too, we have had a bad set back on the Yser at the coast, and Lloyd George has made speeches—an advance in some substantial ways—but he made a silly reference to the "rabbit tactics" of the great German Army which we had driven underground—sort of insulting and stupid phrases which neither help to win the war nor peace.

Friday we had the Hirsts, E.H., O'Gormans and Lord Haldane to dinner. Very bright and talkative, though a queer mixture. Hirst believes some sort of negotiation is going on, but one has heard that before. Lord H. thinks the end will come Sept. or Oct. I half think so—but fear.

July 31st. Monday 23rd. Sidney and Beatrice kept their silver wedding day here—Alfred—Drakes and Faulders came to dinner. Happy if subdued evening. They are a happy couple.

25th. Went to lunch with Lady Avebury to hear about Eric. A beautiful letter, the one he left for his mother. He was an attractive personality and we liked him much—very lovable, and from his letters promised to be something of a thinker—a great loss. Eric Lubbock

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believed he was fighting for righteousness but had no hatred in him.

Since the new Chancellor's speech and the Reichstag peace resolution Lloyd George has spoken, taking all the bad part of Michaelis' speech and ignoring the other, and wholly ignoring the wonderful Reichstag resolution—bad feeling—bad policy I think, and even some of the Govt. papers, notably the "M.G.," criticise. A response to the Reichstag is moved in H. of Commons; well debated but only 19 good and true vote for it. Asquith comes out forcibly against it, and yet it seemed to be the obvious wise action. We hear that the Govt. are trusting to revolution in Germany, which they propose to assist by a huge offensive in France, and one member of the War Cabinet told a friend of ours that he expected the war to be over in two months by the collapse of Germany. It may be—but I don't see the signs.

We are off to Bude, Thursday.

Aug. 7. Bude—Settled in Emily Hobhouse's house quite comfortably, and have had glorious weather. I am not up to much, but so glad to get away from noise and signs of war preparation, to say nothing of air raids and bomb practising. The bombardment in Flanders is said to be heard in London, and one or two nights I almost felt it throbbing and booming, very muffled, and perhaps my fancy.

We broke our journey for three hours at Exeter in order to see Stephen. I wrote to Sir J. Cave and had a permit. It was very touching and in a way comforting. We went into a long bare room with a table on one side of which we sat, while Stephen came and sat on the other, and a good-natured warder sat a little way off. We talked freely and S. shewed no sign of bitterness or complaint. Indeed, unshaven, collarless and in prison clothes

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and shabby ones too, he bore himself with an ease and unconscious dignity which surprised me. He talked little about his conditions except to say that the out-door garden work he was given was a great advantage to his health, and to hope that we should manage to see the late Chaplain, Rev. Ivon Gregory, now vicar of Hartland, who he had talked much with and thought he was turning towards pacifism—was, at any rate very understanding.

Then he gave me some messages. To his Father—"I often bless him to have been the first to read the Greek Testament with me," adding he read it a lot now.

To his mother deep thanks on behalf of all of us for her book, and that he was not giving up light literature "because I despise it, but partly from want of time and partly I find I have a great opportunity to rediscover all the stores of poetry and interest that are buried in my memory."

And to his wife: "Her visit and letter have been a great joy to me: seeing her and knowing how she stands for absolute truth has awakened in me a great sense of burden owing to the half untruths in which the prison regime forces one almost to live. Am trying to find a way in which I can be fearlessly loyal to both love and truth and feel that none of us are falling into the kind of sin which is described in Gal. II. 11.13."

He asked Leonard about the situation and me about the Emergency Committee. We came away glad to have had this fruitful and not unhappy ¾-hour talk and I don't know if I broke prison rules, but I kissed him heartily coming and going. Rosa had warned me not to do so, as she had asked the warder if she might kiss her husband. . . . Ask a warder if I might kiss my own nephew, certainly not! So I just put my arms round

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his neck and gave him a good hug, and the warder, like a true gentleman, looked out of the window! Hans must have done, for he barked loudly at the gate regardless of discipline.

The warder told me Mrs. Pankhurst had been in prison there—now a sort of informal ambassadrice in Petrograd for the Prime Minister of England!!

Aug. 12. A happy day yesterday—beginning with the news of the large majority in the Labour Conference for going to Stockholm and meeting German Socialists, provided the International Conference were consultative and not mandatory.

The war party have been moving Heaven and earth to get a contrary decision and the result seemed likely to be close. It is a great victory and surely a first step towards that different atmosphere out of which peace must come—and a reproof to Lloyd George who made one of his 'prolong the war' speeches on Sat. before, full of boasting, defiance and sneers though with no positive statement of a hopeless kind, but a bad tone and unworthy of the country.

After this good news we had a glorious afternoon walk to Widemouth to tea, and back along the cliffs. My first long walk. No, I walked to Stratton—not quite so far one afternoon to tea.

Aug. 21. Still alone together here and happy to be so. Walks, L. several times to Coombe, some 4 miles off—I and servants one day with him by carriage and walked back, and I once both ways—a glorious walk with views, but rather far in spite of the wickedly profuse tea at the old Mill—a 1/- tea and Cornish cream. The driving day L. and I had the proper 6d. one at a homely woman's cottage. L. tried to get to Millook beyond

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Widemouth but missed the way and had his 9 miles walk all the same. It is splendid how he can walk. My pride in it makes me feel almost remorseful and desperately sorry at the bad news we had about Earl Grey. He is dying of internal cancer for which nothing can be done. A letter from her gave us the particulars, and a brief but most touchingly affectionate one from him to Leonard, beginning "My dear old friend and Chief," (a name by which he often called him in connection with P.R.), was a farewell letter. An attractive personality and so appreciative of other people. I took a good deal of pride in his friendship for L. and his nickname for him of that "block of Cornish granite."

Now of the three (to whom one might add Prof. Westlake as an occasional speaker) who went campaigning in 1884-5 for P.R. Earl Grey and Sir John Lubbock are gone or going and only the oldest remains of the old Guard. My ardent hope is that he should live to see his work accomplished about P.R. and peace.

Aug. 29. Labour Party re-affirmed Stockholm decision, but by a very small majority, and with some confused speaking and voting. This week it is the Allied Socialists who are discussing peace aims. Meanwhile the Pope has made another and very definite appeal not yet answered by Governments but received in various ways by the press of each country. Fierce fighting—"great successes" which lead nowhere it seems to me.

And now come gales of wind and torrents of rain to spoil the harvest and fruit crops. Such an August as we seldom have. Here we are nearly blown away and windows and doors keep up a continuous rattle. Louise Oliver has paid us a nice little visit, but except Sat. when we drove to Widemouth, via Marhamchurch and Poundstock, and walked from W., weather bad. But she enjoyed her time.

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Maggie Hobhouse has had a phenomenal success with her "I appeal unto Ceasar." 5,000 sold out in three weeks and another edition asked for. No doubt eager friends have contributed by sending copies (we sent to 40 peers with a word from L.) but there must have been a demand also. Surely that shews work done by the C.O., and some softer feeling. Reviews also quite remarkably good and letters in the Press.

Sept. 15th. I shall copy part of a letter L. wrote to Flowermead to-day as giving our news of the moment:

"The walks on the tops of the cliffs overlooking the sea are full of delight, the sea appearing and reappearing blue or wine dark with the eternal edge of breakers, and the turf on which you walk soft and elastic. My sister Louise was here and since my niece and also the Webbs who leave to-morrow after a fortnight's stay. As usual they have all the world upon their shoulders and bundles of state papers reach them daily. Talk is endless, spirited, exciting, now and then provoking, but the end of all is that we have enjoyed ourselves very much together, and they are leaving, especially Beatrice, in much better health.

Public affairs are, of course, always with us, with or without the Webbs. We watch poor Russia; we wait for the answers of both sets of belligerents to the Pope. My wife struggles to be hopeful, and no doubt time passes and there are signs of restlessness as of disturbed dreamers all about. These we can only let go by. Two facts have touched us personally. The first is the death of Albert Grey. We knew it was coming. I had written him hoping and believing he was getting better. The sad answer came from his wife and a fine farewell from himself. A very generous, noble-minded man! It is more than thirty years since we campaigned together (P.R.) and more lately, whenever he came from abroad,

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we resumed our councils and our works. Latterly he has been accustomed to address me as "Chief." I had hoped, expected, he would have lived to welcome victory.

"The other fact is the prosecution and imprisonment of Morel. As you have seen him and had a real conversation with him I need say nothing of him personally. Doubtless he broke the law, but it was a law for which we can have no respect and in its application in his case, contemptible. I daresay Lacaita broke the law when Bomba shut him up, and the War Cabinet of to-day so far as they have instigated and have supported the imprisonment of Morel stand in the shoes of Bomba.

"The sentence of the Police Magistrate was so out of relation to the offence that it may well be called outrageous. Magistrates, paid and unpaid, and indeed the very highest judges, live in an atmosphere of war, from which scarce one emerges." (Follows a suggestion about signing the memorial for M. to be in 1st Division).—end.

Sept. 16. Our last Sunday—last day here. In spite of background of the all-enveloping war and some signs of it here in occasional firing at sea and reports of submarined vessels not far off, Bude has been a haven of rest and I hope it may have strengthened us to do the little which age with one of us two and incapacity mental and physical in the other, and circumstances make possible. But there are assets even in our ages.

Sept. 17th. This last three weeks has been one of company. Sarah came first and she and her Uncle had long walks together, a pleasure to both—every church within a walk and other longer excursions than I could take and perfect weather with only occasional rain, or threats of it. Less wind too.

Then came Sidney and Beatrice, fresh, or rather tired from their labour Conferences and Reconstruction Com-

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mittees, and with them a good deal of talk. We enjoyed their visit especially after the rest and beauty of the place had got Sidney into a less emphatic and coldly reasonable state of mind, which rather shrivels me up. And he has been working hard towards peace as he understands it, having written the draft terms which the Labour Party accepted. Something to work from anyhow. I think they really enjoyed the fortnight, and we parted mutually pleased with the visit—a little arguing no doubt and difference of point of view, but nearer than we have been before.

The Lab. Conference too marked a move on the road to peace with ups and downs yet. "To Stockholm" and passports refused by Govt. Not unsatisfactory, especially in view of subsequent civil strife, if not yet war, in Russia, and the disclosures in Argentina of the Swedish Govt. agents transmitting telegrams from the German Minister to Berlin to either spare Argentine vessels or "sink them leaving no trace." Whether the cypher was known to the Swedes is not yet apparent—but bad, and would have crushed the International at Stockholm. As for poor Russia, all is in a great cloud of uncertainty, and what will emerge no one can say. Korniloff (Com. in Chief) has gone into open revolt, and whether Kerensky can suppress him is not quite certain, though it looks as if he could now. And Germany has taken Riga with little opposition.

For the rest, as I read it, the military situation is bad for us—casualties again high and continuous progress nil or little—submarines also continuous in sinkings, and air attacks, London and elsewhere, beginning again. It may be the war will end in the air, and it may be that now U.S.A. will throw the weight on the Allies' side, but they don't seem ready yet and have a long way to come.

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But all sorts of peace talk, some of it no doubt angry and provocative in tone, is going on all over the world, but the word reconciliation is only said by a few miserable Christians and socialists who don't count ! ! When will rulers and great newspapers say it ? Still one feels a change of tone about the war—subtle and varied in form—how and when will it become embodied ?

Notes by Leonard. Apart from what has recently happened impugning the position of the Swedish Government, I have for some time thought that the indefinite postponement of the Stockholm Conference was fortunate inasmuch as its meeting would very possibly and even probably have brought to light differences at present irreconcilable between the Socialists of the two sets of belligerents. These socialists are getting nearer to one another, but there is not yet a prospect of useful, practical discussion between them.

2. As to Bude, I would like to add an expression of my own respecting the good it has done me. I came down indeed a different man from what I was twelve months ago, but the place has appeared more full of charm and of healthful influence than can be accounted for by this change. I have extended the range of my walks N.S. and inland, and have yet left some objects unexamined and undiscovered, which I may never see and still look forward to seeing. I have had a very satisfactory reader, not over educated, but intelligent and independent, and quite open to consider and learn arguments and facts laid before her. Sympathy, doubtless, helped her. (Miss Helen Gubbins by name). The war has been always about us, and in spite of rumours and movements towards peace, remains an unbroken black background. Two circumstances, however, which one might not have known at all, or in the most shadowy and cursory way, if one had not been at

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Bude may be mentioned. The first that a young man named Dunstan, who was accepted Liberal candidate for Totnes, has thrown up this candidature because he cannot support official Liberalism in respect of the war or in respect of its alliance with the dependence upon Capitalism. This last is perhaps not quite reasoned out, but the action of the man must excite misgivings among official Liberals. The "D. Mercury" treats him with much respect. I know nothing of him personally, but shall try to make his acquaintance, or at least get to know something about him.

The other circumstance is the revelation of what appears to be an interesting personality, the Vicar of St. Hilary. He appears to be a very ardent young man, much dissatisfied with the action and testimony of the churches. Sarah gives what I suppose is the judgment of respectable people, describing him as a crank. I must try to know something more about him also. His name is Bernard Walke.

Sept. 27th. Only 10 days! Two bad raids Monday and Tuesday — sounded very near — a good many droppings at Westminster and one unexploded at S. Kens. Station. Glorious skies, so blue and so distant, and moonlight. Last night we rejoiced in clouds and wind and rain and were at peace. L. went to Lambeth and saw Archbishop about signing petition to put Morel in 1st Div. (no answer yet), but they walked together from Lambeth to the Athenæum talking about that and looking at places where bombs or shrapnel bullets had been dropped. L. has had great success with petition. Lord Morley, Loreburn, old Sir E. Fry, etc.

This aft. L. went into the Abbey to hear one of his favourite selections of Psalms (13th, 20th, 27th), and repeated part of one to me—very appropriate. Indeed,

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both CXXVI and CXXVII are. One verse struck me specially :

" He that now goeth on his way weeping and bearing forth good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy and bring his sheaves with him."

May that be true of our labourers for peace !

Message to me in Rosa's letter of Oct. 13th.

My Dearest Aunt.—The warm glow of your Aug. visit is still with me. Yes ! may we have much more such talk without a stern table between us ! And whatever is in store for us here below—for Rosa's last letter seemed to bring death very near—I am confident that we who love each other will go on through long ages loving and helping and learning from each other. The persistence of personal affection after death is one of the few things I have never had serious doubts about. I know the question means much to you, and I would pray for you a like certainty. I love the verse : " We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love." I seem to feel a timeless link of union even with many souls whose paths diverged quickly from mine, as for instance with those shepherdless Turkish peasant folk of 1913, and especially my faithful Moustafa. I often think of the symbolic night I spent with him and my Armenian boy in the ruins of the Turkish village under one frail twig shelter and the calm moonlight — Turk, Briton and Armenian eating, praying and sleeping peacefully side by side—prophetic of a reconciliation that need not be more wonderful than that of Jew and Roman in the first Christian brotherhoods after the destruction of Jerusalem by the legions of Titus ; etc., etc."

Oct. 26th. No entry for a month and again the moon brings danger of air raids. That last week in

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September was very trying. Six altogether—four nights running—the last on the Monday a tremendous noise—our own gunfire mostly but explosions too.

Leonard and our Scotch cook were very cool. M.A. was away and Mildred very frightened, and I a good deal unnerved, so that I could not sleep those days. Then came some blessed rain and wind and peace from above. On the Monday L. repeated his favourite Browning to me, and Maggie the cook wrote a vivid description to her friend in the trenches which she came up to read to us.

Followed a few days at Longfords, when I found how tired I was, and then home. Last week we had the W.I.L. Council. A good two days' discussion full of go. U.D.C. Council following day was rather poor. Their strength is in the provinces—north especially.

L. has written an open letter to Von Kuhlmann, the German For. Minister, about his "never" as to Alsace Lorraine. But alas, I fear we cannot get it printed in any newspaper which would go abroad, and yet it is so good and might be useful. But Govt. stops off every avenue to peace influence from here to Germany. I believe there would be peace in a week if we had freedom of intercourse.

Oct. 31st. More alarms of air raids, and one rather bad silent one except for two explosions of bombs from Zeppelins this time. But so many got lost and destroyed in France on their way back that one hopes they will not come again. But I fear all sorts of new air horrors will happen if the war goes on. This last week has brought the catastrophe to Italy—unexpected and very serious—German military strength seems inexhaustible. Peace seems further than ever!

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Yesterday there was a fine letter re-printed from a Russian paper by Baron Rosen, Ex. Amb. to Washington, in "Manchester Guardian," and I hail it with rising hopes of some better feeling. Perhaps they will put L.'s open letter in.

Nov. 5th. And two days later Leonard's open letter to Baron v. Kuhlmann on Alsace Lorraine was in the "M.G.," bits cut out it is true, but we were rather surprised at its getting in at all. The friendly beginning was cut out, and L.'s impressions of his first visit to Strasbourg on the plea of "want of space!"

A curious mixed set of visitors yesterday, McNeil, (Mr. Ronald) looking bigger and talking more recklessly than ever—Ireland—! He believed after the war there would be either a Sinn Fein Irish Republic, or a reconquest of Ireland, and he seemed to think either solution equally probable and equally good. The one set he detested were the moderate people — all fools, Horace Plunkett the biggest — his co-op. dairies failed utterly, etc. Sidney Webb remarked there were statistics—the butter curve rising steadily—R. McN. did not believe in "curves."

Beatrice had a word, and Miss Paget who was here and Bardie Drake, and we all joined in the scrimmage. Miss P. not encouraging about Italy—peasants want food not war.

Nov. 6th. Mrs. Morel came to consult about her husband. In spite of all the important signatures to the petition for 1st Div. treatment, except for the allowance of Russian books he asked for, he is still treated as an ordinary criminal, and his wife is unhappy about the effect, mentally and physically—food insufficient and the absence of visits and letters, only one a month of a quarter of an hour, are getting on his mind. It is a

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shame, for what, as Alfred says, was a mere technical offence—and a small one!

Nov. 7th. Saw Alfred about Morel, and he is to see Mrs. M. at Lords to-morrow. He had a good deal to say about various talks with people on ending war, but they won't speak out. J. Burns says things are going rapidly that way and better left to themselves! I wonder! He told Ministers (he says) that they might spend 12 thousand million and have 6 million casualties and be in a worse position for peace than now. That may have been so before the Italian collapse, but just now it seems a bad moment. Still there was a brave debate in Commons led by Lees Smith. L. heard it and specially praised J. R. Macdonald's speech, most effective, mustered 31.

Nov. 19th. Soon after my last entry, Nov. 9th, we had a little dinner, Lords Beauchamp and Shaw, J. R. Macdonald, Judge Mackarness and F. Acland. Lord S. was not happy, perhaps did not feel quite in harmony with either the others or, what is worse, with himself. Lord B. almost violently anti-war and pro-peace.

Last Wednesday a big debate in Lords about the C.O. question brought on by Alfred, who made a first-rate speech, strong and moderate, and was followed by Lord Lansdowne, Bryce, Archbishop, Bishop of Oxford, and others. Lord Derby almost alone against, for Lord Curzon, with some rhetorical flourishes, was not very hostile. Lord D. is a stupid man! I can't believe he can be an able war Minister. Push and go and no brains in this Government.

The Germans, after great and sweeping victories and 250,000 prisoners, seem for the time stayed in Italy. I hope it may be a repetition of their Flanders experience, then again there would be a chance of peace.

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The sensation has been a speech in Paris by Lloyd George—creating a Supreme Allied War Council—speaking of the blunders of our strategy as if he had no responsibility and was now going to mend all that. Asquith and his party roused, but whether it will come to anything in House we don't know. But some of the papers are speaking out, " Daily News " for one, and talk outside is very different from what it was. W.I.L. and other sober negotiation bodies raided and an announcement made in House that all pamphlets were to be submitted beforehand to the Press Bureau. That and the vote of an unknown sum (token vote), £1,000, for War Aims Campaign, which simply means propaganda for Ll.G. has roused people too, but are the " patriots " still too befuddled with war to see what it comes to?

Dec. 2nd. Advent Sunday! What sort of sermons will be preached in the churches to-day? Anyhow, one man of influence and position and a Conservative too, though an old Whig, has spoken out and a splendid sensation it was. Last Thursday morning Humphreys came in about some P.R. business and brought with him a " D. Telegraph " with Lord Lansdowne's famous letter in it, (sent us by Mr. Fischer Williams) a veritable peace bomb. My heart leapt with joy as I heard sentence after sentence of sane discussion and suggestion of possible peace, not so much terms as general aim and object. Surely ups and downs though there may be, this is a first step—courageous too—for Lord L.'s milieu must be hardly an easy one for such a bold pronouncement, and that mild looking and speaking little elderly gentleman, despite all his experience and aristocratic influence, hardly seems an heroic figure to meet a storm. But has he hit the moment of acceptance here? Alas, I fear the word has slightly overstayed the moment in Germany—Russia making peace—Italy with a big defeat and her fate

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hanging in the balance and our Govt.'s attitude and France's—(Clemenceau is P.M. with "Victory only" proclaimed as his object). All must have hardened militarism there and depressed the moderate party.

But the letter will remain and is read all over England and the world. I bought six copies and took them to my W.I.L. Exec. in the afternoon, where only Mrs. Snowden knew about it, and my papers were devoured by the others. I was walking on air all day.

Since then a little fall in the barometer. Hertling's speech to the Reichstag before he had seen the letter was not bad, but Kuhlmann's afterwards not as good as I had hoped. Also we have had a disagreeable setback in what was thought to be and seemed a considerable victory near Cambrai last week. Bells of St. Paul's rung for it—a bit prematurely I thought at the time.

Dec. 19th. Last night in the Lords was an unusual one. First, 4.15 met L. and had some coffee and read his notes together. Then in Gallery; the old stagers, Lords Halsbury and Chaplin against the Electoral Bill, but would not vote against present war Govt. Lord Chancellor and then my man who devoted himself with energy and fair success to the re-instatement of P.R. Came out, leaving Lord Crewe speaking, to go home. Young Earl Grey met me to tell me that a raid was on. The guns were beginning and I was led down to a long passage lined with books and there spent some three hours, L. joining me when Lord Crewe had calmly finished his speech and the "House" adjourned. Some dozen others were there too, including the Archbishop and the Bishop of Lincoln (Hicks) with whom I had some talk. Felt fairly safe behind the big books, but rather bored and very hungry for there was no food to be had in the dining room—none provided. About

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¼ to 10 came "All clear" and we streamed out and walked all the way home, practically no choice; Victoria St. crowded with people emerging from shelters to get home. Dined off some fish at ¼ to 11.

I still think the Lansdowne letter has had and is having great effect, but our war position is very serious. Bolshevists have concluded an armistice with Germany —not an unreasonable one as it looks on paper, and Russia and Germany may get really friendly and helpful to each other about food. The soldiers on the other fronts will feel keen envy of it and long for a similar cessation. What effect will it have? Slowly, very slowly and timidly, our English Liberals are moving towards reasonableness and against the George-Northcliffe combination. If only there would come a stationary condition in the fighting this would work. Bad loss of convoys and vessels in N. Sea. Poor old England. I feel very anxious and sad.

Personally, one is glad of dear Stephen's release without any condition. He has had to make none. Jack too is home straight from Cambrai — cheery — philosophical but admits that fighting won't do it.

Jan. 8th, 1918. I must go back. Christmas at Parmoor alone with Alfred and Ethel Slocock—very restful if decidedly cold—especially in house. These big, too big, country houses are going to be a trouble to their owners! We had some beautiful walks L. and I. Short ones and more varied than usual as we discovered any number of field paths and dear little woods with their green undergrowth of holly, bramble or ivy. He went further afield—some pretty winter days, snow, frost, sunshine—altogether with quiet talks and much kindness a soothing week, ending with bright little family party of Ruth, Milly Slocock and Seddon. L. and Alfred have more and more in common now—

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politically—for A. has become an International Free Trader and is a very pillar of the P.R. fight—invaluable —ditto for freedom and peace and reasonableness.

At Hadspen too a striking family party was going on. The ex-prisoner and wife in close fellowship with his two soldier brothers and all happy together. The Mother triumphant but tired—the Father, I hardly know how he felt, but if surprised, he must have been half pleased at the warm welcome Stephen got outside the Church from neighbours rich and poor, all crowding round to shake hands.

Paul on his way back to the Front came twice to see us — last time coming, before he left — with his Mother and nice Jack Egerton. I thought P. changed in tone—had lost his buoyancy, or make believe of it, and was more grave and silent. He did not talk about his life, but I understand it is rather ghastly when in the line—just sitting in a crater, wet, and no shelter and casualties and sickness rampant. It will be a miracle if he and Jack both come through, if it goes on.

The New Year almost began with a sensation. The "Daily News" graphic account of the Bolshevik answer to German response to their terms — a wonderful, courageous defiance — the main point being that every German soldier must be cleared out of Poland and the Baltic Provinces before these lands had a free choice of their future. A frank admission that the Russian Government contemplated no military action and could not—but would make no peace with annexationists open or hidden under pretence of free choice. Negotiations broken off—great bewilderment of German authorities over whose heads these terrible Russian idealists appeal to the German proletariat and defy Germany to come on and see what would happen.

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What will result one does not know, but there is evidently great and vehement contest going on in Germany on the subject. Hurrah for directness, moral courage and cards on the table—and the effect on opinion here is considerable—a change towards the Revolutionary leaders—grudging and doubtful often—and great encouragement to our Pacifist and non-Imperialist people. On the top of the Russian manifesto came the Labour conference with their war aims manifesto. A great advance on the road to peace from the last document. Then comes Ll. George's speech to them—also an advance and very different in tone from his former ones—though it is capable of different effect. L. said bad—I was struck by the improvement, though, of course it was not couched in the language one who really wanted to help the enemy towards peace would use. One doubts whether he can speak in that voice.

On Sat. Genl. Smuts came to lunch to meet Dr. Hodgkin, the Quaker, who is working for an Int. Christian Meeting, and Dr. Orchard and Mr. Massingham were here also. The Genl. foreshadowed a great change on the P.M.'s part and rapid movement in the peace direction. Perhaps L. expected the Ll. George speech to be better and so was disappointed.

Sunday morning we went to Flowermead. Found Lord M. in his dressing-gown recovering from a bad cold, but eager to talk as far as voice would allow. He had seen various men, among them Winston Churchill, at Lord Haldane's, and gathered the Govt. was turning to peace and consequently he saw a great advance in Ll. George's statement. Both he and Smuts disparage the Bolshevik leaders—the Genl. saying they are all mad at Petrograd. (Doing pretty well for madmen, so far, seems to me), and Lord Morley said scornfully: "What's the use now of men making demands who have

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not cannon at their backs?" It remains to be seen whether this very absence of cannon will not help to make that impression on Germany which three years of war has failed to do. But alas, it also remains to be seen if there is enough cohesion and sense of justice and practical wisdom in these glorious madmen. We know very little of them or of Russia. Some future Carlyle may give us a great story of the Revolution.

And now eager interest in every word which comes from Brest Litovsk, or about the negotiations there, is mixed with our own practical immediate work to get P.R. put back in the Reform Bill, and L. is busy seeing people, consulting, going to Committees in Lords to that end—working a bit too strenuously for an old gentleman, and it is fiercely cold which he does not like. And we have at last got to serious shortage, food queues for butter, meat and other things—an angry feeling about it too—crowded shops and butchers' shutters often closed.

Jan. 14th. Last week, Wednesday and Thursday, two exciting days in the Lords—not a raid this time—but the great question of Women's votes in the Electoral Bill. Wednesday our friends were anxious and thought it would be touch and go—Thursday speeches on our side very good—Lord Selborne acclaimed by all as above and beyond himself. The Archbishop worth his weight in gold, L. said, for sheer common sense and practical wisdom. Peeresses' Gallery full and a good deal of muttering comment going on there from the two points of view. Finally the Division—a great triumph—two to one.

Mrs. Fawcett was there, too relieved and glad for words, and she has deserved the success. Leonard remained silent—thought it was the best help he could give. I think we are safe now at last.

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A cordial little dinner for George Trevelyan and his wife — Gooch and C. R. Buxton to meet them. A tough old fowl but my one plum pudding, and frank affectionate talk from different judgments. G.T. not very happy about Italy—how could he be—but clings to America to save the situation for all of us. From a military point of view can they be in time? From the economic perhaps stronger. But statesmen are so clumsy in their language, whether here, in France or in Germany. The drama goes on at Brest Litovsk. German refusal to transfer the negotiations to a neutral place gets a really fine reply from Trotsky—firm in justice of demand but will not break off chance of peace on a minor matter—reiterates principle of peace settlement. All the Bolshevik International demands carry me on with them in principle. I wish they would not proclaim a War of Classes—as if the Proletariat were the only part of the Nation to count. Not real Democracy but Class domination. Perhaps they will learn to take all in to their democratic state.

Jan. 20th. On Tuesday the final contest over W.S. on Lord Balfour's motion to refer the question to a Referendum, finally whittled down to a Referendum to the Women Municipal Voters only—thus making a moderate number of privileged and perhaps the less enterprising women judges of what all women should have. L. spoke — very satirically — of the "superior ladies who claimed unlimited political influence and put down all other women as incapable of voting even!" Another defeat for the fine ladies and Mrs. Humphrey Ward—not so large a Division. Peers exhausted by their energy last week.

Wednesday again at Lords. C.O. vote on—remarkable for number and importance and merit of the speak-

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ing against disfranchisement and size of the majority for ditto.

L. and I came away together. He exhausted, having had no tea — but we fortunately picked up a taxi in Victoria Street, and an immediate cup of soup before dinner, 8 o.c., revived him, but his evident fatigue made me realise that his strength is not inexhaustible now and this next week is a critical one.

P.R. or not P.R. is at stake, and he is anxious lest any blunder should make it fail. We believe we have a safe majority in the Lords if we can mobilize it, but Peers have a way of being absent, I pray that no raids may come these two or three next moonlight nights to interfere.

International situation still more in the balance. Brest Litovsk negotiations intensely interesting, but inconclusive so far. Trotsky and v. Kuhlmann well matched. Who will win? Happenings in Petrograd over Constituent Assembly, where there is a contest between Bolshevik Govt. and Social Revolutionaries (sort of Girondins) may change the situation.

Here the Labour leaders have issued a manifesto more advanced towards peace than ever before, and Clyde and other organised workers are said to be determined Govt. must accept lines of "Democratic peace" according to Russian formula if they are to go on working. But Lloyd George is said to have had a success in his speech and subsequent wrestling over questions with the Labour delegates. He made a very characteristic speech — full of heroics — of eloquent appeal and statements to serve the immediate purpose of carrying his audience for the moment at any rate, and with no eye to the larger effects, certainly not the effect in Germany. And the very day he spoke the "Manchester Guardian" published the Secret Treaty

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revealed by the Bolsheviks between the Allies and Italy, bribing her to enter the war by barefaced Imperialist annexation—making many of his heroics pure hypocrisy. Another hour and it would have been in the hands of delegates, but the meeting was a morning one.

It is rather curious and suggestive that so far neither "Daily News" nor "Westminster Gazette" has made any reference or statement about this Treaty—a really terrible revelation—and the "M. Guardian" no comment on it. We shall see what is the result of Ll. G.'s speech, and it will be at Nottingham this week when the Labour Party Conference discusses war aims.

Ll. G. is said also to have had another great success at the sudden Secret Session in the Commons last week, when he answered criticism of war aims and conduct. Anyhow he carried his Man Power Bill without a Division.

Food scarcity and queues very great in London this week-end. Crowds of poor tired people round doors of provision shops.

If there was any really foreseeing, facing-facts man at head of Govt. one would like to put some points before him. Though, indeed, I think he would know them himself. I should say: "Can you not see that the months, perhaps the weeks, are numbered during which you can carry on the war with the support of the nation, unless you take immediate steps towards really sincere and practical proposals for settlement? Labour is breaking—opinion in all sorts of other strata of Society is moving, and you may find yourselves fatally weakened at a specially unfavourable time for bargaining with your enemies. There is a pause in the military operations at this moment—a deadlock in the German-Russian negotiations and an evident contest in Germany

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between the Military and Peace-by-understanding parties. It is the exact moment for an open declaration for the latter solution but it must include renunciation on our part of Imperial aims, offer of reconciliation and absolute economic equality and International solution of some questions at issue, while you ask the Central Powers to give up all their conquests. Make the offer now and make it boldly."

Jan. 25th. Our thoughts turned for a while on to another subject—at any other time of enormous interest and even now great—unexpected triumph of P.R. clause in Bill in Lords. Two days' debate—quite uncertain at first with what result, but towards end of Tuesday afternoon one felt pretty safe as speaker after speaker spoke up well and no real go in Opposition. Clever, shallow speech from Lord Harcourt, full of small debating points, but no match for real fervour and argument of Alfred, who surpassed himself, and others. Comic scene at the end between Chaplin and Leonard—both got up together — House called "Courtney, Courtney" — old Chaplin would not give way and finally with much imperious gesture pointed to Leonard to sit down. L. laughed and did, and the whole House laughed heartily and so did I in the Gallery. L. was a bit annoyed with his own speech when he followed Chaplin, and it was a trifle too long but with a fine ending, and the Division was after all the important thing, more than 3 to 1 in a large House. Alfred, Selborne and above all young Lord Grey did splendid work, and now we are straining every nerve to win the vote of the Commons. "'Tis touch and go" but we greatly hope. It was a daring clause going far beyond the amount of P.R. originally drafted to a universal scheme—L. thought too bold but it has aroused some enthusiasm and may be the right policy. How we shook hands and congratulated each other in the Lobby afterwards, and all our friends seem

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to take it as a personal triumph for my old man—now the last survivor of the old gang.

Jan. 28th. 9 p.m. The first raid which has found Leonard separated from me. I hope and believe he is at least as safe as if he were here—dining at the Lords or waiting in the long corridor behind the big books. The moon is brilliant and full. I was expecting them last night. It is very horrid, but in a sort of way one gets accustomed to it. When will it all end?

There are signs of desire for peace everywhere, but ruling men make barriers. Ct. Czernin strikes me as the wisest and most helpful personage in Europe, and his open appeal to Pres. Wilson for a settlement in to-day's paper is very striking. Will it be answered and how?

Sat. M. Litvinoff, the Russian Bolshevik "Ambassador" or what, lunched with us, having expressed to the Webbs a wish to see Leonard. Lord Bryce (with some hesitation) came to meet him and Mr. Gooch and L. T. Hobhouse, a curious and interesting talk—very curious and very unsatisfactory. M. Litvinoff is not an attractive man, but I think he is honest. With four able men asking questions, however politely, he was not in a comfortable position for his theories seemed very crude, almost childish. The new Social order, "the only possible and conceivable order in life," was a Socialist State ruled exclusively by the Proletariat—workmen and peasants cultivating their own land or State land, and they must not be the richer peasants who at once became bourgeois and anathema. Class consciousness and class domination were constantly on his lips. Property all taken, except from the peasants, and debts repudiated. He was asked if Russia would not want capital to develop. No, all was to be exchange of products for other products—simple barter in fact. My

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other guests went away shrugging their shoulders and we all thought this regime could not last, unless it got modified and altered.

The raid is still going on, but sounds more like battles in the air between machines than gun-firing from the ground, though there is one gun going rather near—no whizzing of shells so far—but it is a persistent attack—some eight different ones, so far (10.20) coming rapidly one on the other as if solitary raiders broke through.

11 o.c. People and vehicles are moving—trains are running (a nice cheerful sound that railway whistle) and the "Walk" is waking up and walking about in the wonderfully beautiful moonlight. But the "all clear" signal has not gone yet and Leonard won't start till it does and then will probably have to walk all the way home.

Jan. 29th. And he did, arriving after 12. Benger, and then the second raid began, and we stayed downstairs till 1.15, then "all clear" bugles sent us comfortably to bed. But I am tired this morning. L. appears not much so.

A second raid Tuesday—we went to bed before the "all clear" and L. to sleep and fortunately it was not long after coming, for I don't like being in bed.

Wedn. expected another and stayed awake — none came nor last night. Thursday and the moon is waning so only a few more nights when we expect them, which is almost as disturbing to my sleep as when one comes. But we had one of the worst fogs I ever remember here in Chelsea—found myself in the road on my way to a pillar box, then against a tree and finally passed our gate without realizing it. L. at Lincoln's Inn and I tele-

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phoned to the butler who promised to send a man home with him. My old man, half amused half indignant, refused the escort and fortunately by 9 o'c. the fog had cleared.

P.R. rejected in Commons by 2 to 1—a great blow —for we hoped at least to reduce the majority—but L. and his co-workers are not going to throw up the sponge, and have been very busy consulting about action in Lords when Bill comes back to them. Some compromise we still hope for. L. has seen Mr. Asquith for second time and thinks he will support a return to original clause as agreed on by Speaker's Conference. Difficulty with Lords who care most for County constituencies—any amount of talks and consultations going on. L. very busy.

Meanwhile another Lansdowne pronouncement on occasion of address of thanks for his "Letter," moderate, sensible, cautious but unmistakably turning to "peace by understanding." "Manchester Guardian" now wholly with him. Labour Party going strong that way. Reported strikes and bad ones in Germany. Very serious food shortage officially announced there and rationing system to come in, and yet Govt. does not seem to be able to say any word or take any step which will pave the way for negotiation. One feels as if they were on the point and then the wrong word is thrown out—and others have not the courage who might do it.

Yesterday lunched with Beatrice, and met M. Camile Huysmans, the Belgian Socialist Leader and Sec. of the International Bureau or whatever it is called. A most attractive personality, tall, slight and good looking, sympathetic and rather witty and all he said seemed very sincere and reasonable. Spoke up well for P.R. in response to Sidney and Beatrice's objections.

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Feb. 5th. P.R. again back in the Lords, and I marvelled at the good quality and understanding of the speeches of Noble Lords who are new recruits but really have grasped the importance of this reform. Lord Selborne admirable — Lord Lansdowne good and Division satisfactory—more than 2 to 1. Now what will the Commons do to-day? I fear again reject it and then what next? Anyhow it is a live question, and I think if lost now the experience of the next election will bring it to the front again. Unfortunately the Lords also cut out the Alternative Vote in single seat contests, which will aggravate Liberals in Commons, and Labour men.

Feb. 15th. Penzance, 12, Regent Terrace (Mrs. Donnithorne).

A crowded week before we left home Monday 11th. On Tuesday 5th, a P.R. dinner of the Inner Circle. The two Williams, Fischer and Aneurin, Earl Grey, Humphreys of course, and Louise. Alfred was to have come but did not. Pleasant and kindly but a bit piano. Next day came a surprise.

Lord Lansdowne, by arrangement with Govt., proposed that the Lords should allow the Bill to go through, and in return the Commons should agree to an undertaking that Redistribution Commissioners should bring up a scheme of about 100 seats, town and county, where P.R. might be applied to be considered with the goodwill of the Govt. by the Commons. It is a chance but of course uncertain—but we grasp at it with relief and must now work to make it likely to be accepted. This was agreed to by both Houses—the Lords however refusing to reinstate the Alternative Vote which only passed Commons by majority of 1.

Bill through and Session ends.

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On 7th, Chelsea Park Dwellings Annual Meeting—easy and smooth.

Sat. 9th. Crowded meeting in Cheyne Walk of the Chelsea and Westminster Branches of W.I.L. to hear Master of the Temple speak on the International Outlook and Peace. Of course they were not all W.I.L. as I always ask a good many outsiders and boldly asked more than usual, and they came, and I thought shewed a more coming on spirit than ever before. Dr. Barnes gave us a careful analysis of the different kinds of Peace which might be possible and came down strongly for that of understanding and the League of Nations. Dr. Lyttelton followed (late Head of Eton) ready for a peace of renunciation, but, with the instinct of a schoolboy, declared we must beat Germany first. G. P. Gooch followed with a fine survey; and then up got a young officer in khaki and instead of denouncing us pacifists, denounced the Govt. for not negotiating — "It was always not the moment for peace, etc," and said *now*. He also pitched into the Labour Party for not backing their manifesto by deeds and calling a strike. This was extreme doctrine for many of us and too much for a lady just behind him who sprang up and denounced a gentleman in the King's uniform who could make such a disloyal speech.

Another officer got up, not to agree with the first, but to protest that his brother officer was perfectly entitled to say what he thought at a private meeting. We were amused afterwards to find that the two explosive speeches came from cousins and from Ulster. (Capt. Macnaghten and his cousin). L. made a beautiful little very grave speech and Miss Macnaghten, my W.I.L. colleague, and Mrs. Corbett Fisher, spoke well to votes of thanks—and so to "tea and biscuits," which I can still give them, but not for long.

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On 12th. New session opened less than a week after the old one ended. Lords empty and dead—indeed it gave me an impression as of men not alive, but repeating in sonorous but placid phrases what they had thought years ago when they were alive.

L., and at one time Alfred, had some idea of raising the question of war policy — but the atmosphere was hopelessly apathetic and it would have been ineffective and worse than useless. So my man sat grimly listening to Curzon's pompous repetition of the great ideals of the Allies, and the utter sinfulness of Germany and no difference between Hertling and Czernin — or between our Govt. aims and Wilson's.

Next day in the Commons Dick Holt moved a spirited amendment to the Address, a courageous step justified by the amount of support in strong speeches he got from various quarters, including one of those timid Front Bench Liberals (.....) and two Conservatives —but not supported by votes — only 28 — though the Govt. mustered a small vote considering the number of members in Govt. or outside Secretarial posts, and the feeling was obviously hostile to Lloyd George—manifested in a regular demonstration when he attacked Asquith on the military aspect of the Versaille Conference. There is a great row going on on that side— Sir William Robertson resigning or dismissed — "M. Post" and Col. Repington prosecuted and I expect the Govt. will be much shaken and perhaps our Army efficiency impaired too. Everythinig looks black, military, naval and politically. My only hope is in Wilson and Czernin coming together. They have begun to talk publicly to each other and a sudden important speech of the President to Congress has excited much admiration and envy in many quarters here. Will it be the American and Austrian statesmen (Czernin seems to me

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a big man) or the Labour bodies in all countries who will force peace—perhaps a combination.

Feb. 18th. Penzance. 12, Regent Terrace. (Mrs. Donnithorne).

Came down on 13th. A relief but not too cheerful. Grey, cold weather. Margaret much more failing but still pleased to see us. Food difficulties too much with us in reality and in anticipation. No sea view from our sitting room, but Acutt cheery and very talkative. Air raids have begun in London—no definite news yet.

Feb. 27th. One of the raids very near us—small house of officer in Chelsea Hospital entirely destroyed and he and family killed. M.A. writes noise appalling and I was grumbling here! God forgive me. Since my last entry the charm of sea and early spring has had some effect, but our country and the world's condition is very gloomy.

Copy of letter from L. to Noel Buxton.

Feb. 28th. "I am greatly indebted to you for your letter sending me the views of a neutral diplomat. It is good to have such an independent survey, though I must confess I am still depressed by the prospect. I have no doubt if we could disabuse the solid part of the German people that they have been and are in danger of being attacked by Western spoliators we should go a long way towards peace; but unfortunately it is not easy to dispel that belief.

"The secret Treaties remain. The French temper and the Italian temper appear to be unchanged and our attitude with respect to German Colonies, not to say Mesopotamia and the East, support the apprehensions of the German peoples. I am, as you see, away from the centre and there may be truth in the rumours which appear to

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be afloat that the Govt. are indirectly working towards negotiation, but the outside appearance is all the other way and leads to the conclusion that nothing can be effected without a more or less radical change of Govt. At present the Ho. of Commons is not prepared to press for this, nor is there any set of men ready to assume the burden of office. Things may change rapidly. If we became persuaded, as we must be, of the hopelessness of military victory and of the genuineness of the desire of the German majority towards peace, we should soon escape from what is a frightful deadlock; and for my own part I should work towards producing this double conviction. I will say no more." C. of P.

February 28th. Lab. Conference takes matters a bit further. Allies' workmen have managed to agree on a statement of War Aims—too warlike and aggressive for practical peace proposals—but something to discuss and moving towards international negotiation.

Interesting meeting of various people to back Lord Lansdowne and Labour in combination. A peace Govt. alternative to present one. Quite a good lot of people at it —Lord Loreburn rather tactlessly as it seemed to me, ostracised the Asquith Govt. I rather hope he will not come back as P.M. but we must be ready, as Dick Holt says, for an act of oblivion here and in Germany, and to work with whoever will now go our way, now, not in the future.

Beatrice writes—says London Labour Conf. great success, but delegates all very gloomy about position. She states it.

March 6th. Chelsea. Came home Monday, 4th, leaving a glorious sunny day with blue sky and radiant Bay—both better for our visit.

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Back to letters, Committees and food questions for me, and for L. the Lords and other public business. This afternoon he has gone to the Pol. Econ. dinner, and I walked with him to Chelsea Hospital, where we saw the results of our Chelsea bomb—complete demolition of a small house—nothing but bricks and broken wood which workmen were sorting into heaps. Came across Lady Lyttelton with Lord Morley leaning on her arm. He had been lunching there—told us of the death of John Redmond (after operation).

Louise turned up later to tea. Said she had been more depressed about the war lately than ever before. She never semed to me at all unhappy about it till quite lately. I wonder if she is typical of others.

Then Beatrice came in, and Eliza Holt fresh from another Lansdowne meeting. Less important than first I gather, which is a pity. B. is full of the attempts she says are being made towards an Imperialist peace—viz. a peace between Empires, not people—all grabbing at the expense of Russia; Germany enormously in East—Turkey a good deal—Austria some—while France gets Alsace Loraine or some of it—Italy, Trentino—and we what we want in Africa—and Japan a bite of Russian Asia—a truly immoral and cynical peace—but could it be agreed to? She thinks Milner would genuinely like it, and Lloyd George agree to save his position. Talking of the Lansdowne business—B. scorned the notion of Henderson joining any combination of the kind which has been freely suggested. About Japan, she and Sidney have a great faith in that country's good and upright behaviour —while Louise and Eliza from different experiences have a great distrust.

Meanwhile a second sensible letter from Lord Lansdowne in "Telegraph"—wholly ignored in "Times,"

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and not much noticed in "Daily News," or "M. Guardian" yet, which however reprints it in full.

March 11th. Last week we had an unpleasant surprise in raid—a bad one —a moonless night so that our ten days or so of security is gone and sleep becomes always difficult. Reprisals on Mainz, etc., seem to quite satisfy many people. How wise it would be, have been, to take a big line about that, and refuse to use aeroplane war except as part of the actual battle front! Not only to save extra misery, but to help create the atmosphere in which peace is possible. I have felt very low and hopeless lately—both about the realisation of any of one's visions of a better feeling here and in Germany, and in the fate of our poor old country. Is there no voice of insight and goodness strong enough to save the world? If I only had faith, not now and then in moments of exaltation, but always within me. But I have done nothing to deserve such a blessing with my love of an easy comfortable life for myself and all around me. Long talk with Stephen Sat. He has it and deserves it. He told me a curious incident about a C.O. friend of his, Corder Catchpole, now in prison for a year. He had been awarded a decoration for conspicuous valour in rescuing wounded under fire when he was working in the Friends' Ambulance in France, and the Governor of the gaol allows him to wear it in prison—surely an odd commentary on the treatment of C.O.'s (the Mons decoration!) A hot discusion on Sunday with Aneurin Williams and Dick Holt—about peace of course. The good people are the trouble!

To-day a little private visit of my own to Flowermead and a talk with both the Morleys. He puts on one side any Lansdowne Govt. P.M. in Lords impossible—mentioned Austin Chamberlain and Bonar Law—but how would they bring peace? Thinks Ll. George—inco-

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herent in policy—and much else, but says what we have heard elsewhere, that Ll. George now wants to make peace. He can't use the right language—not big enough. A few words about his "Recollections" which I wanted to have. I told him L. had been touched on Friday, when he had a long talk, at his saying on wishing him goodbye: "Courtney, I should like to give you a present." Apparently Lord M. had been rather surprised at himself, and told his wife it was a sudden thought born of a sense of nearness in their talk.

March 22nd. The expected big German attack has been launched yesterday. The issue is, I gather, still uncertain except that great loss of life is fairly certain.

The spring weather has been and is superb. Yesterday such a tender evening sky and lovely moon and greenery and daffodils all coming out. I thought as I walked in my little back garden we might still have a few happy years in our dear Chelsea home if only this war could end. And there have been rumours of possible negotiations and informal offers from Germany—knocked utterly on the head by the Ll. George, Clemenceau, Orlando statement—heroics and hyprocrisy but very plausible and clever. Leonard sent a letter the same day to the "M. Guardian," beginning it here and dictating the rest (the greater part) straight off in the "M.G." office, and it was telephoned up and appeared next morning (March 20th). Pretty good for an old gentleman!

March 22nd. Int. Christian Council—poor attendance—Marion Ellis the soul of it.

March 24th. The tender radiance of the sky is more and more extraordinary—a sort of sunny mist like looking at objects through a veil or in a dream. Is it the result of the great battle raging these three days? We had

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wonderful sunsets during and after the eruption of Krakatoa far away as it was. The news is very anxious—Allies falling back to "prepared positions"—but authorities still speak confidently of our ultimately holding the enemy. I wish I felt so.

M. Camille Huysmans to lunch. G. P. Gooch, F. Hirst and Mrs. Snowden, eager talk—Hirst a little overwhelming and irrepressible. M. Huysmans less of a pacifist than expected—practically with Sidney Webb—but an interesting personality.

Copy of letter of L.'s to Lord Morley, March 26th.

"No. There is nothing to be said, though you might perhaps have told me, or might tell me now some interesting tidings about your conversations. The best I can hope is a stubborn sustained resistance wearing down the impetuous enemy—but I have great doubt. Can we wait for Transatlantic contingents, if indeed they were sure and certain helps as promised. I look with anxiety on the Italian position. Camille Huysmans was interesting on Sat. but dead against any peace which did not embrace a recovery of the Russian frontier.

Ivinghoe, King's Head — Pickering family — March 27th.

April 4th. My 71st birthday. Here over a week. The reluctant Spring is breaking out at last and there is growing greenery and the great resurrection of life going on everywhere—in spite of cold, stormy and wet weather—and the Downs are as fine and country as delightful as ever, and the Inn unexpectedly as comfortable with its jolly quiet hosts—Father, Mother, young daughter (Elice) and younger son (Reggy). But—and what a but—the terrible battle has been raging in France and Flanders and though German advance has ceased to be rapid, our army is hardly safe yet. It has

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been a touch and go business, I gather—great heroism of many of our Divisions—I fear enormous losses, though we so far hear no official news, and we believe, at least our papers say, colossal German losses! But they claim 70,000 prisoners!! Amiens is in danger; whether Paris is I don't know, and we heard the line was impregnable!! So much for experts!

And added to this anxiety for our country, the news came on Tuesday that Paul Hobhouse was almost certainly killed — last seen fighting desperately, surrounded by Germans, and seen to fall. He was in a front line trench, and we are told only 60 escaped out of the Division. The one hope is that he may be a prisoner—poor gallant boy. I do not know how this war would have developed him, but as we knew him before it began he was an affectionate, bright, intelligent young fellow, full of the joy of living. One fortnight in Alps, near Grenoble, some years ago made him a very favourite nephew as he was a son and brother. Stephen was fond of him and I think he of S.

Mary Meinertzhagen has been with us a week and shared our grief for one of her favourite cousins. She is a most charming companion too for a trip and very attractive. Now off for six months' on a farm as carter!!

April 7th. General rationing all over England for meat, butter and sugar begins. We have been living rather too freely for our share here, but not for our hungry appetites I fear, as this fine air and good walks gives one.

The great battle goes on—slow progress by German Armies but still progress, and we have not yet fought ourselves to a standstill, nor can we be sure of the issue —hope and fear alternate—and slaughter goes on day

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and night. Alfred's nephew, Ben Slocock, killed. "Little" Ben a few short years ago, now over 6 ft. And spring still goes on apace and some glorious hours in intervals of rain and cold.

Sidney and Beatrice arrive Friday for Sunday. Much talk from differing points of view and states of feeling, but always a good deal of information.

The Lichnowsky revelations together with Herr Mühlon (of Krupps) denunciation of his Govt. policy and Jagow's admission a great moral relief to set against our detestable Secret Treaties and more than balance them. A vindication of Edw. Grey's latter policy. Will be useful when negotiations come with the better Germany—Has much affected U.S.A. already. Wilson and Genl. Smuts put our case for war to victory in a better way than our Govt. people or Press, but they don't say everything and see all sides. Ct. Czernin again speaks and as always with some reasonableness, which ought to make him possible to deal with. I am inclined to think he will emerge as one of the big men if he has the chance. Where is our counterpart or the French one? Wilson might do for U.S.A.

April 11th. We came home on Monday, and I left our own dear little Ivinghoe with regret. A sweet little village with big grey church—a few old houses including the little Manor House (which we saw inside and found charmingly furnished) and friendly simple Inn and friendly village children and folk, and not far away the beautiful peaceful downland and woods and wide valley views—a real restful world. But oh, even that is somewhat blighted by the war as a background.

Ever the battle rages—not desperate for the Allies but serious. We don't hold, but give mile by mile, and what are our losses! No official statement. This

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morning's "Times" gives Harold Lubbock killed—a fine capable young man, abounding in physical and mental life and high spirits. His poor mother—I have thought of her all day. It will crush her.

New Military Service Bill brought in taking men up to 51 and withdrawing exemptions so far given. Much opposition but I suppose it will pass. Gloomy ministerial speeches—sincere these at last. Yesterday Morels and A. Ponsonby to lunch and we liked having them and I think they liked coming.

April 12th. Flowermead to lunch. Two Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Burr, a financial authority—clever—pro-war but anti-Wilson because he was a Republican I think mostly, but said the Pres. was very obstinate and an egotist. Wife very bright and ready with repartee and a favourite of Lord Morley's.

April 29th. Just a fortnight of illness—one of L.'s sudden attacks of sickness. Walked to L.I. and back on 14th to Church—received visitors, some ten called—a little tired and did not take an evening walk and then the upset came. More of hæmorrhage than the last, but not so violent as the hæmorrhage of some years ago. Harrison and later Dr. Leyton, bed, albumen and water at first, then small quantities, ¾ tea cup every 2 hours, of junket and albumen and water alternately, then Benger added. Then chicken tea and rather more and to-day a little fish and milk pudding. He has been downstairs 4 hours to-day and yesterday, but is very weak and looks sadly thin. Likes seeing people, but it tires him. Mr. Douglas an Irish Quaker yesterday with a very serious account of Ireland. Touch and go if there may not be rebellion and bloodshed. Mr. D. is quite a young man and ought to be an influence for peace between Ireland and England. He is anxious enough for it—but this Govt. seem bent on a catastrophe there too.

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Only last Wednesday, 8th, the following letter appeared in the "Manchester Guardian" and he left me on the 11th, 8 o'c. in the evening—a sudden relapse on Friday after lunch. This letter, dictated first to me in draft and then slightly altered to Miss Ross Johnson and me together, I took to "Times." Editor refused it, strongly disagreeing — "Telegraph" ditto — and so "M.G." had it.

I am glad it was written and printed, very. And I copied out a scrap of a letter he wrote to C. P. Scott, as I often did bits which struck me—would I had more. It runs: "Asquith seems making up his mind to a serious vote" (this was Tuesday—vote came Wednesday and was not very good—still there is an Opposition now), "on the Maurice Document. I am clear he is right in rejecting the two judges—a small Select Committee is the best tribunal we have for getting out the truth, though it sometimes fails. I feel, however, much as I hope you do, that the installation of Asquith and his immediate confederates in power would be very little use — worth something as part of a process — but not worth much as an end—We want to move in deeper waters and on a more daring voyage" (like him that). "I am half sorry to see the "M.G." still hankering after the idea of a resuscitated Russia as a fighting element in the war. It is, I believe, in our interest and the interest of the world to realise that the primary necessity of revolutionised Russia is peace. Don't be disturbed about zones of Border States! They will be a care and anxiety to Germany for many a day, and if Germany does develop Russia materially it is our gain if we are able to enter upon equal terms. Overboard with the Paris Conference!!"

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June 12th. Sat down to supper leaving an unopened letter on the table—opened it carelessly and it

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took my breath away. Maggie has heard from one of Paul's brother officers that he was wounded and a prisoner—more they don't know—perhaps the informant also writes from Germany, knows no more himself—but there is a great hope when we had nearly given him up.

June 17th. Have been very busy sorting out and arranging letters and papers in their dates so that I can take them when I go away to read over. Miss Ross Johnson has been helping me most willingly and efficiently.

Aug. 6th. Down to Flowermead—the first time this summer—every stage of the journey a memory—Lord Morley arrived in a cab as I walked up and though tired I fear, insisted on my coming in—a very nice talk.

Sept. 27th, 1918. Meanwhile the tide of war seems decidedly and definitely turned — considerable advances and captures on Western Front—a sweeping victory in Palestine whatever that may be worth—and ditto from Salonika.

At Parmoor came the Austrian note of Ct. Burian, and I eagerly watched for a move from Lord Lansdowne. He is afraid of doing harm—thinks the Govt. are moving in the right direction—is he timid or wise? No letters from anyone and very snubbing references in the press —a bad speech by Balfour and a statement of Lansing's purporting to be Pres. Wilson's answer, almost worse.

Sept. 29th. Yesterday's news—Bulgaria's request for peace and Pres. Wilson's great speech filled me with hope. My friends shared the optimistic feeling, basing it perhaps more on the military successes. Wilson will seem, and perhaps is, a bit self righteous to Germans and neutrals —but he has laid down fine big lines of world peace— a new order. Some of our people who crack him up because he is against Germany hardly realise what re-

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nunciation of national power and claims his League will entail on us too. When they wake up to this will they prefer to bargain over territory and terms with Germany?

Another question is, will Wilson be ready to apply his great propositions or make excuses for waiting and say conditions impossible to accept? Half the people who advocate a League of Nations speak either of compelling Germany to come in as one of our terms—or refusing to admit her except as a conscious penitent and suppliant.

Oct. 14th. A week of emotions and growing hopes. Prince Max of Baden emerges—speech and letter to Pres. Wilson—latter met with a howl of refusal by most of our papers—and the Americans. Wilson's answer as good as one could possibly expect — courteous but questioning—Do you accept my principles as basis or as matters for discussion? Proof that you represent the German Nation? Evacuation of territory first? Can, will the new Govt. (for Max is Chancellor and the Centre and Socialist parties in the Govt.) go so far and do it without loopholes? Meanwhile great military success, not without great casualties I fear—and war temper in France and England is agog—"Must fight on German soil first"—"Army must be wholly crushed"—"Peace now a disaster"—one hears even from quiet, kindly people. We wait—not long—Max's answer through Dr. Solf—complete acceptance—is there a possible loophole and will Wilson seize it or fail us? Alas there has been a bad case of sinking the Irish Mail—nearly all lost!!

Oct. 14th, 1918. Yesterday was Sunday — a beautiful autumn day, and we came down to read Max's good answer. I was so hopeful at his first letter that I began embroidering a banner to hang up outside when Peace was declared—it was just finished and I tried it

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and it looked lovely—but Emily Hobhouse, who is spending a month with me, with a caution very unlike her adventurous spirit, advised it was premature. Many visitors in afternoon. Lowes Dickinson full of talk—Mr. Dell—Paris Corres. of "M.G.," Lord Monteagle, Basil Williams, Anuerin Williams, these last not wholly with me, but came to sympathise "because I knew you would be bubbling over," said A.W.

E.H. and I were at a great meeting of L. of Nations, Thursday, the Grey Meeting—crowded, overflowing and electric—such a moment for the speaker—gentlemanly, honest, fairly sensible—but dull, not one touch of inspiration or originality—a lost opportunity—"They asked for bread and he gave them a stone.

Oct. 15th. Wilson's answer to Germany—bought a paper in aft. and read it on my way to Lords—rather appalled—on first reading—very stiff terms and seems to be adding conditions after his first were accepted—no finality Germans may well think. I fear this may lose us peace—in any case, even if Germany is so spent that she must accept any humiliation, Wilson's letter strikes me as not generous or likely to be a good start for the new order of the world he and we all desire—the one thing that matters now. Shall I think the same 10 years hence or one year or one month? These are first impressions.

I went to the Lords for the first time since spring, on the chance of any statement, but nothing came. E.H. and Alfred at tea—but I was rather glad to be there with no happenings, for I saw *him* so clearly on his cross bench seat, or speaking at the table. I should hardly have been surprised to see him really.

Oct. 29th. A fortnight—E.H. and I have been living from day to day on the wonderful developments—

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not the war head lines of our great successes, captures, etc.—but on the words written and spoken from Berlin, Wilson, and more rarely our own men. Milner has roused a storm by a few kindish words about Germany —the old Germany—the new men, and new men they seem to be in command there now—new enough to fill our people with triumph—but the press is filled with sneers, brutal threats and every possible old atrocity to prevent any forgiving. Whether honestly distrustful or dishonestly so, the great desire seems to be to kill the new spirit and force a fierce war of self defence on Germany. But so far the Govt. in Berlin has kept its head and with considerable dignity and restrained language accepts defeat and is trying to turn it into a victory for internationalism abroad and at home constitutional and free government. Prince Max is ill with Spanish flu., and Dr. Solf is to the fore, and all the men who have been trying to upset the military are in power. Austria is collapsed for the time at any rate, and may break up. But records will tell all this.

Sat. night a W.O. telegram told us that Noel Williams was missing, and I greatly fear it will be like Paul over again—hopes, suspense and silence. He had a fine, manly, thoughtful character and was his Mother's great stay and joy and one of my nephew friends.

Nov. 3rd. Fighting still going on and very stiff fighting with, I fear, much loss of men, though great gains of prisoners, guns and territory—France, Flanders and Italy—and an immediate armistice is asked—what hinders? Success unbounded everywhere — Turkey surrenders unconditionally—Austria will take any terms apparently—but is in dissolution. Will Germany follow and break out into revolution? If so our junkers have only themselves to thank, for with republics springing up like mushrooms and Social Democrats governing in

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some countries and Bolsheviks in others and famine everywhere, England won't remain a placid world! But our press and our people who are most articulate still think in terms of military victory—security for ever and ever against Germany, etc., etc.

Here are two conversations in trains: Judge Mackarness told me one—Mrs. Bigland the other: He was listening to some women one describing an officer returned from Germany, both legs amputated—had been very kindly treated—had the most marvellous artificial legs—could do anything with them—there was nothing like it over here — and so on — when she remembered what she ought to be thinking and said: "Of course, the Huns only did it for an advertisement"! M. laughed aloud and thinks he made them a little ashamed of their absurdity.

Mrs. Bigland's was—another talk about the war and probable peace—it must not be made till we had done the same in Germany to German villages and people that they had done, etc., eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth, etc. The lady had been talking of her young soldier son. "Would you really like your son to be killing German women and babies?" she was asked. She hesitated and then: "No, not my son, it would not do for him—but—the Americans might do it.!!"

Friday—a little party for Alfred to meet J. R. Macdonald (at latter's request). Hirst was also here and E.H. and they talked till nearly 11. Alfred came out well—J.R.M. interesting and attentive but I don't quite understand him—Hirst silent for him.

Nov. 11th, 1918. How Peace came? For peace London has made up its mind it is, though an armistice is all that has been signed. It came to me in this way—I was on top of No. 11 'bus in Victoria St. on my way

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to the Emergency Committee when we were startled by loud explosions from the air—and realised it was the end of the war—the armistice had been signed; before we got into Whitehall the whole population of the public offices, men, women and girls were in the street with no doubt crowds of soldiers and others already there waiting. The windows were alive with the elders and heads and the scene was indescribable. Without hats mostly or jackets but somehow flags had appeared and that and paper were being waved frantically. Half an hour afterwards on my way back, for I simply could not stay for business, Whitehall was impassable and the omnibus went round by the Embankment. Every kind of vehicle had made its appearance and any one boarded anything, shouting and singing and cheering like mad. I do hope the public houses will be ordered to shut, or we shall have some less harmless jollity later. And my little dove banner has gone up and I have offered a big one to the Chelsea Town Hall. Doubt if they will take it. I hope the temper, which has been odious, will now change and become more generous and just.

Meanwhile this week past has brought great events. Revolution so far with little bloodshed all through Germany—abdication of Kaiser and his son—and what I am sorry for replacement of Prince Max by a Socialist, Ebert, as Chancellor. It may be all right but I had a fancy for Max, a dignified rather fine figure, whose proclamations have been good. How the upheaval in Germany will affect our social order one wonders, but I am amazed at the light-hearted way our junker class have driven Germany into revolution by harsh terms—they may yet rue it.

Nov. 12th. Alas the temper has not yet changed in the Chelsea Borough Council and yet the terms of the armistice are cruel enough to satisfy any desire to

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humiliate Germany. The one excuse for them which is arguable is the unsettled and revolutionary state of Germany with which we have to deal—the same excuse —as good and no worse—than theirs for Brest Litovsk or for 1871.

Yesterday I took up the banner I had been embroidering—a large blue silk one with a dove in the centre and olive branch—to ask if they would like to put among their many flags on the Town Hall. I went to-day and was told by the Town Clerk they thought it wholly unsuitable. "You have put an olive branch in," he said, "and we are not ready to offer Germany the olive branch," and added with a nasty sneer: "We are not pro-Germans here." "Nor Christians either apparently," I said (perhaps unwisely) and walked out. But that spirit hurts me.

Aft. to the Friends' Emergency Committee, and as often before, I felt the healing power of those good kind souls. One word Mrs. Clark said in our few minutes of devotion: "Remember this is not the end; it is the open door to better things." Dear woman, for that word of hope.

Pres. Wilson in the evening papers too is encouraging: may he stand firm!

Nov. 14th. A great blow yesterday evening when I came back from another Ho. of Commons Labour Party dinner, the streets fully lighted and full also of light-hearted crowds of young people, demonstrating by singing, cheering, laughing—met my cook on her way to take Rosie a letter which had come for her from France—on her return Marianne came up with the sad words: "Mr. Noel is gone. They have found his body." George had told Maggie the cook. My poor sister. It is terrible and we had had several assurances that he was

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believed a prisoner—some man had seen him captured. A great loss!

Dec. 4th. I am getting more and more grieved at the dreadfully savage tone about Germany—no note of generosity—and I fear a real danger of starvation there —stony disbelief in their appeals to be saved from famine and anarchy. We have been trying and feeling for some way to get permission for a few of the Quakers of the Emergency Committee and War Victims to go over there to investigate and help in relief either in "occupied Germany" under the Military or with Mr. Hoover; I have made several attempts but so far no way has opened. The electioneering spirit may be partly accountable for the burst of revengeful feeling and it may pass when the contest is over—but Ll. George and Churchill are using it and others have no courage to strike the generous note. Yet the great "Herald" Albert Hall Meetings shewed there would be a response.

Take some interest in Mrs. Despards' contest — N. Battersea—personally a little but through my relations mainly — Maggie, Rosie, Bobo, Mary M., Bardie — my servants—W.I.L. women seem almost the only workers — no organisation apparently — a mass of poor streets where hardly anyone knows or apparently cares about politics—9,000 absent voters and the result will be the "Will of the People." It is a huge farce.

I shall have no Will here, and shall not pretend to one by voting. Sir S. Hoare a specially decent young Cons. but of course for Coalition. Miss Phipps—feminist—with vague views about all International Politics and a leaning to Protection—no good.

Yesterday I had a merciful escape from being maimed —knocked down by a taxi and run over—wheel went clean over my ankles. Red Cross nurse, a mere girl,

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helped me up and brought me home accompanied by her "friend" in khaki. Not only no bones broken but only swollen and bruised ankles. And I got any quantity of sympathy and was not much the worse.

Dec. 9th. Much concern among some of us about starvation in Germany and what we can do—critical weeks in which chances of reconciliation and real peace hang in the balance—being thrown away it seems. Alfred talks it over—suggests a meeting of a very few at his house. I am to write the invitations—may come to nothing—worth trying.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Hoover called, having telegraphed on Sat. evening should I be at home. He came in for a big hour and half talk, Mr. Massingham being there, Lady Mary Murray and Thompson Elliott who came accidentally to talk about what Friends could be allowed to do to help Germany. Hoover is a big man, and uses such racy language, unmistakeably American. Altogether about starvation he rather put us off any action—would know more in ten days when his agents had been in Germany. He got into relations with T. Elliott who is Clerk to the "Meeting for Sufferings," and something may come of it. But told us one or two interesting other things. "Germans felt a new people and could not see why the Allies should go on treating them as if it were the old military, autocratic Germany!"

Speaking of Pres. Wilson said he had a big strain of Scotch Presbyterian obstinacy in him, with a dash of Irish humour, but as obstinate as they were made. Had gone into the war to save something of civilisation—was coming to Europe to press his main idea by peace settlement to make war improbable in future—would not go into territorial and other details but stick to the central idea. Suppose the Allies won't accept it, we asked, what can he do? Go straight back—withdraw every

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American soldier—fortify his coastline and sit tight. American credit would be withdrawn and most of Europe would go bankrupt and there would be revolution in every country, was the answer. I am wondering if opinion here can be mobilised to support him and how. Alfred is keen on this. Mr. H. said President was "rather nervous about his reception here—seems an opening if we can get people to move."

Jan. 29th. Penzance. 4, Alexander Terrace. Miss Woodfield—kindest and cleverest of landladies.

I thought to write no more in this book, but habit constrains me—and those weeks before the New Year were very full.

Elections—Coalition swept the country—on a small vote and no enthusiasm. I feel as if Parliament would hardly count and political activity would go on mainly outside its walls. My talk with Alfred resulted in a meeting at his house and a Committee formed to press the food question and organise an address and meetings in support of Wilson. I was not well enough to attend, but it fell to me to do most of the getting names for the address, while Marian Ellis gave her main energies to the Meeting, and Mrs. C. R. Buxton to the Food. We did work, M.E. and I, all Christmas, giving up my visit to Parmoor. She stayed with me and what a splendid worker she is—capable and selfless—a volunteer who does all the grind and most of the paying too, and such a pleasant companion. Everybody else went out of town. Sixty odd good names in the few days we had to get them in—mostly independent thinkers, authors, journalists, Bishops and Deans among them. Lord Morley agreed to present it and dear man pleased me when I went down to ask him by kissing my hand. There was an honour! Was it the green grape jelly I took him? or approval? It would have been splendid

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if he could have headed my deputation, but the day before influenza laid hold of him and he is still in bed with results. I will not chronicle all the ups and downs—the Friday when I was waiting to hear what hour on Sat. the President would receive our address and failing to get into communication with the four whose names I had sent up. Then the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Gore) casually looking in—didn't I hold on to him and make him stay the night—cook away—no provision. Then Alfred turned up and I was all right and Mary Anne managed a capital little dinner.

Saturday — Embassy — Alfred presented, supported by Bishop, Lord Buckmaster and G. P. Gooch. They wanted to squeeze me in, but that would have been improper as I had been obliged to nominate the four.

Meeting next week went off well—about 1,000. Bishop too anxious to prove that this war had been holy and necessary but all future wars would be against the Law of Christ. Mr. Brailsford followed and certainly shone—he is an able man and was witty too. Maud Royden too was splendid. Master of Temple good—Alfred in chair very strong and clear.

July 1st, 1919. Peace was signed on Saturday, 28th.

"A Peace of hatred, extorted by force, and accepted with loathing." This is not a pacifist description but the "Morning Post," the moral being the continuation of conscription and militarism!! Nothing more needs to be said—but I am cheered by two events. Genl. Smuts' fine letter appealing from the Treaty he has signed (without agreeing with it because the first requisite is a termination of the state of war) to a different spirit which shall radically change the terms. That is what we have got to work for.

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The other cheering thing is that Jane Addams has gone to Berlin and four of our Quakers (Marion Fox, Hon. Sec. of my Emergency Committee, and Th. Elliott another of us) go Thursday by permission of our authorities. The work of reconciliation will begin and much it is wanted.

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d. B. C.

Lady Beatrice Cambridge

Beatrice Webb (Lady Passfield)

aunt of Sir Stafford Cripps

(see in Cripps ~~folders~~ envelope. Collier's, November 14, 1941
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